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FF Father

by Franklin D. Marsh



FOREWORD

Some people are borne through life on the winds of change—their loves, tastes and allegiances undergoing constant alteration according to whatever influences prevail over them. For Davie Miller, however, there has only ever been one real object of devotion: his father. As Davie grows, his love develops into passion, a passion which compels him to seek the goal of his longing, no matter what the judgment of the world might be.

It is instructive for all of us, perhaps, to consider the outcome of such an impulse carried to its extremes, and to recognize in spite of ourselves that in the jungle of depravity we may sometimes find flowers of unusual beauty.

—The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Mark could never have prepared himself for the handsome young man who came rushing down the ramp from the plane. He had not been able to spend much time with his son, Davie, over the past few years except for two weeks each summer. Now Davie was here to spend a whole month with him.

Davie's appearance was, therefore, a shock. He looked a lot older than his years, and very sexy—tousled blond hair, bright-blue eyes, shining smile, open shirt and tight jeans hugging a nice, narrow ass. He seemed a beautiful young animal hurrying toward his father.

Davie grinned, dropped his duffel bag and threw his arms around Mark's neck.

Goose bumps shot up and down Mark's spine as he wrapped his arms around Davie's waist and held him tightly. He pushed his son out to arms' length.

"You look great, Davie!"

"And I'm as tall as my old man now."

"Could we just stick with Dad?"

"I'd like that," Davie said, hugging his father again.

"Welcome to California," Mark said.

"It's great to be here... Dad."

"And for a whole month!"

"Or as long as you can stand me, Mom says."

During the days that followed, Mark and Davie were on the go constantly. Mark showed his son all the wonders of the area as Davie chattered about his chums and school, his interests and his hopes. Mark basked in the delight of Davie's enthusiasm and even surprised himself by

enjoying Disneyland, where they rode all the rides and ate tons of junk food.

Davie loved Mark's pool. He swam every day, taking off his suit the first day and never putting it back on. To Mark, Davie's body slicing through the water was pure beauty... at first. Then it became erotic to Mark, and he was disturbed by his thoughts.

The nights, too, became torturous to Mark.

Davie had given Mark little choice in the matter of sleeping arrangements. The first night, he had announced very frankly to his father that he slept bare-assed, then crawled into the big bed beside him.

Davie's warm body next to his made him fear for his own feelings, but Davie's open attitude charmed Mark and even made him laugh the first morning when Davie had made fun of their piss hardons.

Gradually, Mark relaxed and felt at ease sharing his bathroom, meals and swims with his handsome and naked son. Sharing Mark's enjoyment of nudism was a new and pleasurable treat to Davie, and seemed to make him feel his father's equal, which pleased Mark very much.

After several exhausting days, Mark was worn out by all the usual tourist attractions. He was glad when they had seen most of them and felt that perhaps Davie felt the same way. Mark even welcomed his first business meeting since Davie's arrival, leaving Davie alone in the house and giving them some time apart.

When Mark returned, the house was quiet. Through the dining room windows, he could see Davie at the pool, stretched out on a suncot. He had watched Davie tan quickly in the California sun and he lay on the cot glowing like spun gold. Mark froze.

Davie was jacking off!

Mark stood transfixed, watching Davie's fist fly up and down his hard cock. Slowly, Mark's cock began to swell and then jerk in his shorts. He slid his hand down and rubbed it, then slowly unzipped his fly.

Sensuously, Davie's lithe body began to writhe on the suncot. His hips began to rise and fall in incredibly erotic undulations of lust.

Mark began to breathe more heavily, his own fist gripping his stiff cock with a fervor he had not felt for a long time. He slid his other hand inside his shirt and began pulling on his nipples until they were stiff and sensitive. He slid his hand down to his fly, pulling out his balls and kneading them hard with his fist.

Suddenly, Davie groaned loudly, arching his legs high in the air. Cum shot out of his cock in short spurts, splattering on his heaving chest as he threw his head back, twisting it from side to side with a look of ecstasy. He began slathering the cum over his belly and crotch with one hand as he milked down his throbbing prick, squeezing it hard. Then, slowly, he began to calm down, slumping deep into the suncot. He reached for a towel, then wiped his body and his crotch slowly and sensuously, sighing as he dropped the towel and rolled over on his stomach.

Mark felt his own load begin to churn in his hot balls. He groaned as he felt his cum careen up his cockshaft, blast past his pounding fist and spurt out into his other hand, filling his hand with his searing hot spunk. He threw his head back and bit his lips to keep from crying out, every muscle in his body quivering wildly.

Slowly, his panting subsided. He lay his head back against the wall and licked his lips, watching his cum drip from his hand onto the rug as if he were dreaming. He shook himself awake and staggered to the kitchen. He washed his hands at the sink, then moved into the bedroom and stripped. He grabbed a towel, some oil and let himself out the terrace doors.

Davie raised his head and smiled. "Hi, Dad! How'd the meeting go?"

"Fine," Mark said, sitting down on the cot next to Davie. "How about some oil?"

He poured it onto Davie's back without waiting for an answer, then massaged it gently into Davie's warm flesh.

Davie moved slightly, then relaxed. "That feels good."

"What did you do while I was gone, besides lie here like a lazy bum?"

"Well, I swam and then sunbathed. Then I got horny and jacked off," Davie said, rolling over to face his father, then laughing. "In fact, you darned near caught me."

“Oh?” Mark said, trying to keep control in his voice from the shock of Davie’s honesty.

“Yeah,” Davie said, looking up and nodding. “I had this crazy... really crazy fantasy.” He paused and looked up into his father’s face. “I’ll tell you if you won’t think I’m sick.”

“I’d never think that,” Mark said softly, his heart beating fast. “What was it?”

“Well, I have this fantasy... about us... about you and me.”

“What is it?” Mark asked, nodding.

“Well, we’re... jacking off... together,”

Davie said, eying Mark’s face cautiously as he spoke. “And... then... maybe... jacking each other off.”

Davie waited a moment, looking at Mark half-afraid. He gulped for air.

“You ever... do it... with other men?”

Mark looked down at Davie. He slowly smiled and nodded. “Yes,” he said.

Davie slid his hand over Mark’s. “Would you... do it... with me?”

Mark felt Davie’s hand tighten on his as he looked down into his son’s face. This was it, he thought. This was what he wanted to happen and what he dreaded would happen, what he hated and hoped for. He looked away for an instant, then took a deep breath.

He turned back to Davie and said softly, “I think I’d like that.”

Davie jumped up off the cot, pulling Mark with him. He tugged Mark, pressing his naked body tightly against his father.

Mark closed his eyes and reveled in the feel of his son’s body, in the love in Davie’s arms around his neck, in the warmth of his cheek pressed closely to his own, in the heat from his suntanned stomach, in the wondrous feel of Davie’s cock pressed against his own, and then the exquisite exhilaration of Davie’s lips on his.

Davie pulled away and looked up.

“Thank you,” he said.

Mark was still reeling from the kiss and the beauty of the moment. “For what?”

“For not thinking I was a nut,”

Mark pulled Davie even tighter and chuckled. “I could never do that, no matter what you wanted to do. Besides, how do you know I don’t have the same fantasy?”

“Oh, wow!” Davie said, shaking his head.

Mark pulled a pad off one of the sunbats and spread it out on the deck, wondering if he could come again so soon. He lay down and felt his cock begin to jerk as he looked up at Davie. He reached up and took Davie’s hand, pulling him down into his open arms.

Davie snuggled up beside his father, rested his head on Mark’s arm and pressed his already stiff cock into Mark’s hairy thigh. He reached down and began playing with his father’s prick.

“I’m dying to see how big this gets.”

Mark laughed, then reached down and took Davie’s stiff cock in his hand. “Probably about the same as this one.”

He remembered how he had fought with Lee when she had wanted to have Davie circumcised at birth. Mark had become a madman, and Lee had acquiesced fearfully in the face of Mark’s rage. Davie’s cock had remained as natural as his own, an almost identical replica.

Davie’s hand brought Mark back to reality as he grabbed Mark’s prick with all his strength and began beating it quickly.

Mark closed his eyes and moaned slightly.

“Feel good?” Davie whispered.

“It sure does, boy,” Mark said softly, kissing Davie’s upturned face again and again, pulling gently on Davie’s balls and then running a finger down under them to tickle Davie’s asshole.

Davie squirmed and began pumping Mark’s prick faster and faster. Mark began jerking Davie’s cock as fast as Davie beat his own, sucking

Davie's tongue deeply into his hot mouth.

Suddenly they were both too hot to wait, and their fists flew up and down their stiff cocks as their mouths ground against each other's. They pressed their bodies against each other tighter and tighter. Sweat burst out of every pore on their tense bodies. They writhed against each other, smashing their flesh together, struggling for enough room for their fists to fly up and down their hard cocks furiously.

Mark shrieked with surprise when he felt his cum begin to boil in his hot balls. He gasped for breath around Davie's tongue plunging in and out of his mouth.

Suddenly, Davie pulled back. "I'm... about to... come... Dad!" he said shakily.

"So... am... I... Son!" Mark moaned.

Davie smashed his cock into Mark's as he shot his hot young spunk, slathering Mark's stiff cockshaft with his spurts and splashing his cum into his father's cock hair.

The searing heat of Davie's load on his pounded prick made Mark scream and shoot his hot jism on Davie's prick, their hot loads mingling as their fists beat their creaming cocks and their lurching bodies lunged with each spurt of their pricks, locked in a vise-like grip of arms, legs and tongues, until they both fell back limply onto the sweaty pad, gasping for breath, still locked tightly together.

Mark lay there panting, grinding his eyes shut, fighting the urge to swing his head over Davie's body and lick up the silvery streaks of cum on his beautiful bronzed belly. No, don't rush it. You have the whole summer, he told himself.

"Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"That was great."

"It sure was."

"Did it... turn you on? Making it with... me... I mean?"

“Yes,” Mark said, gulping. “It most certainly did.”

“I thought so. Me, too.”

“Letting somebody else jack you off can be a real trip.”

“It sure can. It was great.”

“Native boy give good hand-job,” Mark said, tousling Davie’s hair.

“So does Great White Hunter,” Davie said, jumping up. “Race you across the pool?”

Davie jumped in and Mark followed. They had barely done three laps when Mark stopped, exhausted. Davie dove down and came up, dousing Mark with a handful of the cool water.

“Son is heap big showoff! And not too big to spank,” Mark threatened as Davie scurried out of the pool, laughing.

They cooked dinner and ate it on the terrace by candlelight. Mark made a show of opening a bottle of champagne, which delighted Davie. Two glasses of it, however, made Davie slightly tipsy. Mark laughed, then pushed Davie into the pool, walking up and down the sides until Davie had swam three laps and came up sputtering and sober.

Later, in bed, Davie snuggled up against Mark, burrowing into his father’s body like a puppy, rubbing his hand over Mark’s stomach and tickling his tits. Slowly, he slid his hand down over Mark’s cock, cupping his big hairy balls.

“I inherited these.”

“I’ve noticed.”

“But your cock is bigger.”

“Yours is still growing.”

“You’re getting hard.”

“I know. And I don’t believe it,” Mark said as he pulled Davie close and chuckled.

Davie began stroking Mark’s cock and pressing his own hard prick up against his father’s thigh.

Mark couldn't believe he was getting stiff, having already come twice that day. Still, Davie's hot hand stroking him had him hard in seconds. He reached down and grabbed Davie's cock, then pulled Davie's whole body on top of his, kissing Davie deeply and locking his arms around Davie's warm waist as their hard cocks ground into each other's crotch.

"Do you feel this is wrong?" Davie whispered.

"A bit. Do you?"

"Well, I don't know. Do you want to stop?"

"No," Mark answered, kissing him. "I don't ever want to stop, wrong or right."

"Me neither," Davie said, quivering and snuggling up closer, his stiff cock throbbing against his father's. After a moment, he asked, "Have you ever... sucked anybody off?"

"Yes," Mark answered. "Have you?"

"Yes. Jimmy Brady, a black buddy of mine, who lives next door. He's my age and we've... well, we've done... a lot of things."

"Like what?"

"Well, when we were younger, we used to play cowboys and Indians. We'd take off our clothes and wrestle naked."

"Sounds like fun. You enjoy it?"

"Oh, yeah. Jimmy, too."

"What else?"

"Well, we'd sleep over at each other's house and we'd make up dirty stories and belly-fuck."

Mark laughed and Davie drew back. "Why are you laughing?"

"I used to do the same things with a buddy of mine," Mark said, running his fingers through Davie's hair.

"You did? We used to play safari, too. I was the Great White Hunter and Jimmy'd capture me, tie me up naked and make me beg for my life. That game was the first time we... sucked each other."

“You liked it?”

“Yeah. I guess because I liked Jimmy so much and we both really dug it.”

“You didn’t feel it was wrong?”

“No,” Davie said, laughing. “It was too much fun.”

Mark laughed, too, and hugged Davie tightly, remembering his own youth and his clumsy attempts at sex with his best friend.

Davie pulled away slightly, looking at Mark somewhat hesitantly. “Would you let me... suck yours?”

“I would love it!”

Mark spread his legs as Davie rolled over on top of him and slid down, crouching down over Mark’s crotch. He shook slightly when Davie lifted his cock up, then felt his whole body tense up as Davie’s lips touched his cockhead softly.

“Oh, God,” he moaned.

Davie knew he would love his father’s cock. He played with it and teased it, twirling his tongue over Mark’s cockhead and flicking the tip of his tongue into his wide piss-slit. He felt his father lurch up as he slowly sank his hot lips down his stiff, throbbing cockshaft, his eagerness to suck Mark off covering up for all his inexperience.

Mark moaned ecstatically and then suddenly grabbed Davie by the shoulders. He rolled them both over on their sides, sinking his mouth down on Davie’s hard cock with a low growl as Davie’s hot young mouth took his stiff prick again all the way.

Mark’s dangerous desires broke over his body like a dam, turning him into a moaning, groaning slurping animal, pounding his mouth up and down Davie’s prick. The sweet sweat smells of Davie’s crotch were driving him wilder and wilder, until his mouth on Davie’s stiff cock slid up and down with lightning lust.

Mark pumped his prick in and out of Davie’s mouth, fucking as ruthlessly as he sucked, digging his fingers into Davie’s ass, forcing Davie

to fuck his mouth in the same prick-pounding rhythm until father and son fucked each other in a fantastic abandoned union.

Davie began to whimper, his body quivering wildly as Mark gulped down his cock to the hair and dug his fingers hard into Davie's ass. He tried to take his father's cock the same way, but he retched just as his own cum careened up his cock and shot off in his father's mouth. Mark instantly tried to pull his prick out of Davie's mouth as he gulped down his son's blasts of fuck-juice, but Davie gasped for air and grabbed Mark's ass, holding Mark's shooting cock in his mouth until he had sucked every drop out of his father's cock.

Mark groaned and fell back as Davie gulped for air contentedly, proud of his having sucked his father's big cock all the way to the hot spunky end.

They lay there for a moment, slowly relaxing as they licked each other's wet cock.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine, Dad."

"I get carried away on a cock sometimes."

"It was wild."

"A little too wild. I didn't mean to make you gag."

"You are really a great..."

"You can say it... cocksucker. A great word that describes a great experience, never to be used in a derogatory way."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, some people get angry and call someone else a cocksucker. Why? Call a person what he is—a fraud, a liar, a swindler, but not a cocksucker. Us cocksuckers resent it! End of sermon!"

"I'll try to remember that," Davie said, laughing.

"You'd better, or you'll find your bags on the doorstep, boy!"

"I think you're wonderful."

“So are you,” Mark said, rubbing Davie’s cock. “I don’t believe I gave you that great cock.”

Davie was still a moment, then asked, “Can I ask you something?”

“Anything, anytime. And I mean that.”

“Were you gay when you married Mom?”

“I’m not sure. Maybe, I suppose. But I didn’t know it at the time. I loved your mother very much.”

“I’m glad.”

“You were born out of love, boy.”

“I’ve always thought so.”

“Your mother and I were just too damned independent for our own good, stubborn to the point of idiocy. That’s why we divorced. I didn’t really find out about myself until some time after that. I mean, truly come out of the closet.”

“I know Mom doesn’t know.”

“And she’s too much of a lady to ask, even if she suspected.”

“She thinks you’re a great guy.”

“And I am,” Mark said, kissing Davie. “Do you think you’re gay?”

“Well, I think so. I love having sex... especially with Jimmy. I get a funny feeling every time I see him. And I’m always looking at boys. But... I’ve never had a girl... so I really don’t know, for sure, I guess.”

“I know a lot of guys who tried it all, then decided. Maybe that’s what you should do.”

“I will. You’re wonderful.”

“As a father or as a cocksucker?”

“Both,” Davie said, laughing.

CHAPTER TWO

Mark left Davie sound asleep when he slipped out of bed the next morning. He made coffee and let himself out of the terrace doors quietly. He swam a couple of laps and then leaned up against the edge of the pool sipping the coffee and contemplating what had happened the previous night. A few moments later, the terrace doors slid open and Mark turned to see Davie standing there in the early morning sunlight.

Davie was as naked as he was beautiful. The soft sunlight on his smooth, slender body made him look like a young god... a young god with a hard-on.

“Good morning.”

“Good morning, Dad.”

“Doesn’t that thing ever go down?”

“Not around you,” Davie quipped, blushing slightly at his bluntness. He slid into the pool and swam several leisurely laps, then jackknifed under the water and popped up like a porpoise in front of Mark. He slid his body up his father’s then threw his arms around Mark’s neck and kissed him.

The water around Mark’s crotch suddenly became warm and wonderful as he ran his arms around Davie’s waist and held him close, cupping Davie’s ass cheeks in his hands.

Davie threw his head back and laughed.

“What’s so funny?”

“I’m peeing between your legs.”

“I know,” Mark said, laughing with him. “And it feels great,” he said, kissing Davie again.

They spent the day together, lunching with a couple of Mark’s friends and then attending a private preview of a film Mark had been involved with. They had a quiet dinner alone on the terrace, then crawled into bed pleasantly tired.

Davie snuggled up to Mark, rubbing his hands over his father's hairy chest. "Teach me."

"About sex?"

"Yes."

"It might be more than you're ready for."

"It couldn't be."

"Oh, yes, it could. I think this has already gone far enough, Davie. A judge would toss me in jail and throw away the key."

"But it isn't..."

"My God, Davie, you're my own son."

"No one will ever find out."

"You can't be sure."

"I'm sure."

"All right," Mark sighed, realizing that Davie had made up his mind for him. "Tell me what you'd like to learn."

"Well, everything."

"Whoa, boy! That would take a while."

"Well, I could stay longer. Mom wouldn't mind. She wants us to get to know each other better anyway."

"I doubt that she means this much better... or quite this intimately."

"This tells me you want to," Davie said, stroking Mark's almost hard cock and laughing.

"A stiff cock has no conscience," Mark said. "But a father should."

Davie bent forward and took Mark's cock in his mouth, sliding his lips all the way down the shaft until he felt his father's prick jerk and stiffen.

Mark moaned, giving himself in to the pure pleasure that his prick felt in Davie's warm, wet mouth. He pulled Davie up quickly. "All right. All right. You win!"

Davie looked down at his father and smiled, then fell on top of Mark and ground his body against Mark's sensuously.

"Would you like to fuck me?" Mark asked.

"Oh, yes," Davie said, grinning.

Mark went to the bathroom to get some grease and a towel. When he returned, Davie was stroking his cock, already stiff and proud.

Eager little bastard, Mark thought, shaking his head and sighing proudly. Mark greased up his asshole, then gently smeared grease on Davie's cock, massaging it up and down. He took a vibrator and a dildo out of the drawer in the bedside table and showed them to Davie.

"Wow!" Davie said.

Mark greased up the vibrator and the dildo and then lay down on the bed, pulling his legs up. "Now get down between my legs. Take the vibrator and turn it on at the base. Now slowly slide it up my ass."

Davie turned it on, grinned and held the tip tentatively at Mark's ass lips. Then he slowly pushed, making his father writhe and moan as the pulsing column slid up his ass.

"Does it hurt?" Davie asked, fascinated.

"No, it feels great. Now push it in and pull it out. Now move it around up me. Leave it there a moment. Damn, that feels good."

Davie put his hand on his father's ass cheek and felt the vibrations, then looked up at Mark and smiled, working the vibrator in and out of his dad's quivering asshole.

"Now, pull it out," Mark said, moaning with pleasure as Davie eased the shaking sensation out of his ass.

Mark handed Davie the dildo and nodded. Davie touched the tip to Mark's asshole and pushed. Mark rotated his hips and squirmed with delight as the fake cock slithered easily up his ass.

"Oh Davie, baby, stretch it wide open so I can take that big beautiful cock of yours up there."

Davie pushed, pulled and twisted the dildo, just as he had the vibrator, until he had his father flailing all over the bed, driving Mark into a frenzy of erotic expectation at the thought of getting fucked by his own son.

“Take it out, Davie! Take it out,” Mark begged, pulling his knees up into his chest. “No more dildo. Just your hot stiff cock!”

Mark nearly went berserk when the head of Davie’s cock touched his ass lips. He wanted nothing more at that moment than to have Davie take him.

“Slide your thighs up under my ass, baby.”

Davie did and the head of his cock slid into Mark’s asshole. Davie grabbed Mark’s legs, looked up at his father and smiled.

“Oh, wow, boy! Now give me the rest of it real nice and slow. I wanna feel every fucking centimeter of that cock as it slides up my shithole.”

Mark felt every nerve in his body go ape as Davie’s cock invaded him. Shock waves shot up his spine. His senses screamed with joy as his asshole clutched Davie’s prick. He sucked his son’s stiff cockshaft up his ass, inch by inch, until Davie’s fucker was buried in his shit-chute. He moaned and dug his fingers into the sheets.

“Now hold it there a moment. Close your eyes. Concentrate on that cock. Think of nothing else but your stiff prick up my ass. Feel how wonderful it is... how warm it is... how snug it is.” Mark squeezed his ass on Davie’s prick. “Feel that?”

“Oh, yes! It’s incredible! It feels... it feels... fantastic!” Davie gasped and his body shivered. His cock jerked and twitched in Mark’s ass.

“Now start fuckin’ me, boy, nice and easy. Pull it out to the head and push it all the way in. That’s called long fucking. Do it to me that way—nice and slow.”

Davie began to fuck Mark just as Mark instructed him to, concentrating on his cock and the millions of sensations in his stiff prickshaft as it slid in and out of his father’s asshole.

“Oh, God! I can’t wait, boy! Fuck me! Fuck me as fast and hard as you can!”

Davie's cock careened into Mark's ass, driving Mark's body deeper and deeper into the mattress with each plunge of his prick. He pushed Mark's legs higher until his father's body was upended as high as it would go and his beautiful pile-driving ass was jackknifed over his father's fiery fuck hole. His face began to drip sweat. His tongue dripped spit on Mark's head. He screwed up his face and made tiny little grunting sounds as he ground his cock into Mark's asshole, driving his prick deeper and deeper, his hands a vise on Mark's ankles.

"Oh, yes, Davie! That's fuckin'! That's real fuckin'!" Mark moaned, twisting his head from side to side, pounding it back into the pillow.

"Yes! Yes!" Davie panted.

"Pound that big prick into me, boy! Screw the livin' shit out of me!"

Davie pulled his prick out and pounded it home, groaning louder and louder, grunting like an animal.

Mark dug his heels into Davie's ass and felt his ass muscles push and pull the prick plummeting up his ass like a pile driver, every sinew in his sweating body tight as a steel spring. He threw his arms around Davie's neck. He pulled Davie's mouth down to his, sucking down the full length of Davie's tongue, with the most intense, frantic passion he had ever known, his ass being pounded to a pulp by Davie's driving cock.

He sucked Davie's nose, his ears, his eyelids, his lips. He clamped his mouth on Davie's and sucked Davie's tongue like a madman, as every lunge of Davie's cock drove him more and more insane, tearing him in two.

He wanted Davie to fill his ass with his red-hot load at that screaming second, and then wanted Davie to never come, to keep fucking him forever. He squeezed his screeching shithole on Davie's cock, grinding his ass upward with each lunge of that marvelous cock into his quaking guts, growling through clenched teeth at the glory of the fucking he had wanted for so long.

"Oh, Daddy, I—"

"Oh, yes, Davie... Daddy wants that hard cock... Daddy wants his big boy's... hot load... fuck Daddy's ass... Davie..."

"Daddy! Daddy, I'm..."

“Oh, yes, baby boy! Daddy’s right here... right under his baby... gettin’ his shithole screwed like it’s never been screwed! Oh, Davie! Shoot me full! Empty those big balls I gave you... right up my fuckin’ ass, baby! It’s so fuckin’ good! So fuckin’ good! Give it to me, Davie! Blast those nuts up my hot ass! Fill me fuckin’ full!”

“Daddy!”

“Yes, baby!”

“I’m... gonna... come!”

“So am I, Son! So am I!”

“Daddy!”

“Shoot, Davie! Shoot it now!”

Davie drove his cock all the way up Mark’s asshole and held it. His cock throbbed and jerked like a snake in Mark’s shithole as he shot. Spurt after spurt of red-hot spunk blasted out of his cock like a cannon.

Mark’s ass was on fire, battered raw by Davie’s prick. He felt the loads of spunk shoot up his son’s cock and blast out into his heaving guts. His own load was an agonizing orgasm. It shot up his cock so hard it burned, splattering glob after glob of jism on Davie’s heaving belly, then drooling down on his own. He locked his legs around Davie’s hips, holding Davie’s prick up his ass with his heels.

Davie groaned loudly and fell on top of Mark, limp and panting, his spunk spent in his father’s ass, then felt his father’s cum shoot between their heaving bodies, locked together by Mark’s tight arms.

Mark felt Davie’s cock soften in his asshole, but he held him even tighter, hating to feel the boy’s cock slide out of his satisfied shithole.

For the first time in his life, Mark had come without touching himself as he was fucked. The thrill was like nothing he had ever experienced, an almost excruciatingly exquisite orgasm his own son had triggered. Every nerve in his body screamed with pure pleasure, a pleasure he had never known until that moment.

Mark opened his eyes and looked into Davie’s wet, smiling face, slowly unlocking his legs from around Davie’s hips and groaning as Davie’s cock

slipped out of his asshole. He pulled Davie down on top of him. He rubbed his hands up and down Davie's back and over his hot, sweaty ass until he felt Davie relax and his breathing slow to normal.

"You okay?" Mark whispered.

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"Was it as good as you thought it would be?"

"Oh, Dad, I can't describe it."

"I can't, either," Mark said, kissing him.

"It was... heaven."

Mark rolled them over on their sides, still not letting Davie go.

"Your old man puts out a pretty hot piece of ass, huh?"

"He sure does," Davie said, laughing.

"Of course, I'll never walk again."

"I may never fuck again."

"Oh, yes, you will, Son. Yes you will."

Mark's cum united their bodies as they lay there, looking into each other's eyes. He felt no guilt or shame. He felt only the absolute ecstasy they had exchanged and the look in Davie's eyes expressed the same sheer emotion.

"How about sharing a shower... stud?"

Mark asked, grinning.

"I'll share anything with you... Daddy!"

CHAPTER THREE

When Mark awoke the next morning, he heard Davie talking on the phone to his mother. He listened a moment and then saw Davie poke his head around the doorway, look at him and grin.

“She wants to talk to you,” he said.

Mark nodded, yawned and picked up the phone by the bed. “Hello, Lee.”

“You sound awful, Mark.”

“I just woke up.”

“Is he wearing you out?”

“No, but he does seem to have an endless supply of energy.”

“How well I know. Mark, he wants to stay the rest of the summer. Do you want him?”

“Of course, I do,” Mark said quickly.

“You sure?”

“Absolutely. I love having him here. Let him stay, Lee.”

“All right, if you’re sure. I’m going to Bermuda then, with some friends for a month or so. Not having him around is a vacation for me. But don’t tell him.”

“Have fun and don’t worry about us.”

“Well, take care of yourself and our son, Mark. Put him back on and I’ll tell him it’s okay.”

Mark handed the phone to Davie as he sat down on the bed by Mark, then slid out and headed for the kitchen.

A few moments later, he felt Davie slip up behind him and hug him around the waist.

“Mom says it’s okay. You want me to stay, don’t you?”

Mark turned around in Davie's arms. "More than anything in the world." He tightened his arms around Davie's shoulders and pulled him close. "Besides, your education has only just begun."

In West Hollywood, Mark stopped at a gay men's clothing store and bought Davie a small black bikini that made his ass look like a work of art, then drove on to the beach.

For a young man who was not used to salt water, Davie loved it. He acted like a boy half his age, running into the surf, diving into waves like a porpoise, jogging up and down the beach, playing Frisbee with another young god he met, and turning brown right before Mark's very eyes.

Mark, however, spent the day in a beach chair with a book, only interrupted when Davie would join him for a few minutes, then fly off down the beach again, kicking up sand.

They stayed until almost sunset and arrived back home somewhat burned and somewhat spent. They both took hot showers and had a light supper in front of the television set.

Davie's body had already darkened several shades, but the bikini had kept his ass cheeks white, and made Mark's cock jerk each time he looked at his gorgeous ass. After supper, Davie curled up on the sofa and put his head on Mark's lap. Davie drifted off as Mark stroked his body, then fell asleep himself.

The steady buzz of the television screen snow when the station signed off woke Mark up. He nudged Davie and raised up drowsily.

"Let's go to bed, tiger."

When they crawled into bed, Davie snuggled up to his father, lay his head on Mark's outstretched arm and seemed to fall asleep again.

A few moments later, Mark felt a warm tongue licking his arm pit. He tightened his arm around Davie's neck, turned and kissed him. Then he gently pushed Davie over on his back and bent over him.

"I want you to lie very still and close your eyes. I want you to concentrate on what I am doing to you. Think of nothing else but what you

feel, and let your imagination go.”

Mark spread Davie’s arms out and then pushed his legs apart. Davie lay very still with his eyes closed, waiting and wondering what Mark had in mind, trusting his father completely.

At the foot of the bed, Mark bent over and kissed each of Davie’s toes, then sucked them one by one into his mouth. He pulled Davie’s feet together, sucking on both his big toes at the same time. He spread Davie’s legs and began licking up the inside of his calves and swirling his tongue over the soft down of Davie’s thighs. He slithered his tongue easily from one leg to the other, then felt Davie squirm slightly as he lapped out the lovely valley on either side of his balls and cock. He teased the silken cock hair with his warm, tantalizing tongue, then lapped his way up Davie’s belly in large, loving strokes until he was sucking on Davie’s tits. He teased them with his tongue until they stood up taut and twitching, then gently nipped them with his teeth.

He buried his nose in Davie’s armpits, groaned softly as the sweet scent filled his nostrils, then tongued up the sensuous sweat. He licked Davie’s biceps, arms and hands. He sucked each one of Davie’s fingers into his mouth and felt Davie shiver as he licked his palms slowly. He pulled Davie’s arms down to his sides and gently rolled him over on his stomach.

He licked up the backs of his arms and swirled his tongue across the shoulders. He lapped broad, wet circles over Davie’s back with his juicy tongue to the tip of Davie’s tingling spine. He cupped Davie’s ass cheeks in his hands and then kissed, licked and gently bit them as Davie quivered. He pulled Davie’s legs together and slurped noisily across his thighs and down the calves until his mouth engulfed Davie’s heels and slid down across the soles of his feet, which made Davie giggle with pleasure, and massaged his young ass mounds at the same time with his warm hands. Slowly, he spread Davie’s legs and raised up.

He gently spread Davie’s ass cheeks and exposed his lightly haired asshole. He lowered his head until his nose filled with the exhilarating aroma of Davie’s shitter. He gently touched the tip of his tongue to the top of Davie’s ass crack and licked down the pungent valley to the base of Davie’s balls.

Davie flinched slightly as Mark began licking out his ass. He squeezed his shithole and groaned as Mark slithered his tongue around the rim, pulled the boy's asshole wider with his thumbs, then slid his tongue up his ass as far as he could. He moaned, tightening his ass and clenching his ass ring on Mark's tongue, then relaxed and sighed with pleasure as Mark's tongue speared in and out of his asshole.

Mark slid his knees up and reached under Davie's hips. He pulled Davie's ass high in the air, moaning with lust and diving hard into Davie's hot asshole with his driving tongue, forcing hot spit up the succulent fuck channel. He grabbed Davie's ass and pushed and pulled his asshole up and down on his probing tongue, slurping loudly as his tongue rimmed Davie out ravenously, deeper and deeper into the hot hole with each driving lunge, tongue-fucking Davie's asshole until neither one of them could stand it a moment longer.

Mark let Davie down slowly, kissing and licking his beautiful ass mounds.

"Oh, God, that was heaven," Davie murmured.

"Better than a bath in a tub, right?"

"Oh, yes, Dad."

Mark spread Davie's ass cheeks again and looked at the hot little hole still winking at him.

"I want to fuck you, Davie," he said softly.

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, Dad. I want you so much it hurts."

Davie didn't move a muscle as Mark smeared grease on his asshole. When Mark worked a greasy finger in and out of his ass, he groaned softly and backed his ass to meet it.

Mark greased up the vibrator and touched the pulsating tip to Davie's ass lips, holding it firmly to his relaxed ass ring. He eased the vibrator up Davie slowly, feeling Davie's whole ass tingle under his palm as he worked the vibrator around inside the young boy's tender channel.

Davie purred, wriggling his ass with the pleasure of the unfamiliar but exciting, pulsing invader stuffing his asshole. He sighed softly as Mark

eased it out of him and began to grease up his own cock.

Mark turned Davie over on his side and lay behind him, pulling Davie back slightly and pushing Davie's left leg up high with his own.

Mark slid his right arm under Davie's neck and rubbed his hairy chest against Davie's back sensuously. He reached down and grabbed his hard cock as Davie took his hand with both of his own and sighed softly.

Mark felt Davie shudder as he moved the head of his hard cock up and down the boy's wet ass crack, making tiny circles around Davie's asshole. He held his drooling prick at the center of the ring and pushed slightly.

He slid his prick up his son's shit-chute little by little as Davie moaned slightly. When Davie flinched, Mark held very still to let him relax, squeezing him reassuringly, and then continued the erotic invasion with a firm, anxious pressure until his entire hard cock was buried to the balls in Davie's beautiful ass.

Mark twisted Davie's head back to his and kissed him. "You all right?"

"Oh, yes, Dad."

"Am I hurting you?"

"A little. But it feels... wild and wonderful."

"Want me to pull it out?"

"No, no! I love it. I knew I would. It's just as I had hoped it would feel with you in me."

"I turned you on your side because a guy relaxes easier this way. Then once you're in and your asshole is used to it, you can move to any position."

"It feels funny, but it doesn't hurt. Honest."

Mark waited a moment, then rolled them both over, spreading Davie's legs wide as they moved, and keeping the full length of his stiff cock in Davie's ass. He lay on top of Davie a moment and then began working his prick around in Davie's ass, deeply and deliriously enjoying what he had waited for so long. He began pulling it out easily and sliding it in gently. He licked Davie's neck and sucked on his ears, pushing his hands out the full

length of Davie's arms and pinning his hands to the bed with his own, the full weight of his hairy body against Davie's hot flesh.

Wild, prickly sensations flooded Mark's body and coursed down into his cock. He could have come in an instant with the excruciating lust reeling through his flesh. Instead, he took a deep breath and thought about Davie, pushing aside all the aching needs of his prick. This was Davie's first fuck and he didn't want to hurt his son.

"Does it hurt?" Mark whispered in Davie's ear.

"Oh, no, Dad, It's heaven!"

Mark held his cock still, deep in Davie's ass. "Tell me how it feels."

Davie chuckled. "It feels like I have to shit."

Mark laughed. "Perfectly natural, Son. But you won't shit. Not with my stiff cock stuck up your ass. Just relax and feel the wondrous sensations of it."

Mark began working his ass, pushing and pulling his prick in and out of Davie slowly.

Davie looked up at his father and grinned. He pulled his legs up as if he'd done it a thousand times, then locked his legs around Mark's hips and held out his arms.

Mark fell forward as Davie locked his arm around his neck and kissed him. "Tell me if it hurts."

"Oh, no; Dad. I love it! I really love it!"

Davie said with an angelic smile that sent shivers down Mark's spine.

"Hold on then, boy. Get a good grip 'cause you're gonna get fucked!" Mark slid his hands under Davie's ass and cupped his wet ass cheeks. He began driving his cock in and out of Davie's asshole as if it were his last fuck on earth.

Davie was driven with desire, too. He tightened his grip on Mark's neck and smashed his mouth into Mark's, sucking Mark's tongue as if it were a hot cock and digging his heels hard into his father's ass.

Mark's big cock became a battering ram, driving in and out of Davie's asshole harder and harder. Sweat streamed out of every pore on his hot body as his cock careened in and out of Davie's fuck hole with a frightening ferocity he had never known until this incredible instant.

Mark groaned, barely able to control his aching need as the unbearable heat of Davie's asshole encircled his demanding cock tighter and tighter with each digging drive. He plunged his prick deeper and deeper, sending his reeling senses skyrocketing. He felt his load scream to shoot up Davie's ass. He closed his eyes and shivered with the inexplicably exhilarating joy his body felt as he fucked his beautiful son's ass to the limit of his unquenchable, unexplainable lust.

"Oh, Daddy," Davie moaned. "I'm gonna come!"

Mark's head recoiled from the depths of his desire. "Me, too! Me, too, Son!"

Mark felt Davie's cock throb against his belly. He rammed his pounding prick all the way up Davie's asshole and held it there. He gasped just as the spasms shook his body and his load blasted out of his balls and splattered up Davie's guts.

Davie's cock shook violently between the heaving bodies and shot off in spurt after spurt of searing cum. He felt his father's cock jerk in his ass and he slammed his butt down, beating his heels into Mark's ass like a trapped animal. He ground his belly against Mark's until they had both shot the last drops of their hot, slimy spunk.

Davie quivered under Mark, his arms still locked tightly around his father's neck and his belly glued to Mark's chest with his own smeared spunk. He was afraid to let his father go, afraid for the ecstasy to end.

Mark clamped Davie's ass cheeks together and slowly pulled his prick out, unlocked Davie's arms and raised up slightly. He looked at Davie's cum-smeared belly and bent down, lapping up the luscious cream with his tongue. He bent forward, cupped Davie's beautiful face in his hands and slid his cum-soaked tongue into Davie's mouth.

Davie moaned and pulled his father tightly to him, their tongues swirling in their mouths, closing his eyes to make the moment last.

Mark pulled up and looked down at his son, seeing all the love in the world in Davie's bright eyes. He bent forward again and they kissed, tenderly and lovingly.

Mark pulled back slowly again and lifted Davie's legs. He lowered his head and began licking out Davie's ass crack, gently sliding his tongue up the tender, stretched, hole. He raised up again and kissed Davie, then lay down beside him, both of them very quiet with the wonder of their unique union.

Davie turned to Mark a few minutes later, tickled one of Mark's hairy tits and grinned up into his father's face.

"Well, I can safely say I am no longer a virgin," he whispered.

"That you ain't, boy."

"I'm glad it was you."

"So am I, Son. Oh, so am I."

"Will it ever happen again like this?"

"Only when you love somebody."

Mark pulled Davie close and slid his arm under Davie's head. "I wish I could fuck you and suck you at the same time."

"That would be wild. Can you do that?"

"No, but some guys I've met can. And it is wild."

"I'd like to try that."

"You wanna try everything, you horny little bastard."

They lay there another few moments, then Mark laughed.

"What's so funny?" Davie asked.

"You are probably the first cherry I've ever had. I just think it's funny that my first one is my own son."

Davie started to get out of bed.

Mark sprang up, grabbed Davie and yanked him back on the bed, pinning him down and laughing.

Davie closed his eyes and slid his arms around Mark's neck as they kissed.

"Swim or shower?" Mark asked in a soft voice.

"Swim," Davie answered, kissing his father again.

CHAPTER FOUR

In the two weeks that Davie had been with him, Mark had been living in a dazzling dream world. He could barely keep his eyes off Davie's beautiful, smooth body for an instant; hated every moment that he had been forced to leave Davie alone; thrilled to every second they had sex; touched him every time he came close to make sure that he was truly there, and thanked his lucky stars that this time with his son was not a figment of his imagination.

Mark's mouth had touched every inch of Davie's body. He had reveled in every sweet scent that emanated from it. His lips had found every single erogenous point that excited Davie. He had, in fact, forced himself to hold back, for he could have easily eaten Davie alive.

Davie had returned Mark's desire and delight every moment they were together, touching, playing, teasing, laughing and loving—a playful puppy who was very happy and very loved. He was open to everything, every facet of his imagination was whetted by Mark's love, and he held nothing back in his desire to learn and grow sexually.

Davie had done everything to Mark that Mark had done to him. He had sucked, fucked and rimmed without hesitation. He and his father had sixty-nined cocks and asses; sucked each other off in the pool, the shower and all over the house; fucked everywhere also in every conceivable position and made love almost as if the world did not exist, making Mark wonder why their cocks had not fallen off.

What had been a father and son fantasy with other men had become real with Davie. Fucking their own flesh and blood had heightened their desperate drives and made their enjoyment boundless.

Davie would tease Mark in public, putting his hand on Mark's arm and squeezing; throwing his arm around Mark's shoulders or tickling his crotch with his foot under the table when they dined out. Once, in a gay clothing store, Davie went into the changing room to try on something he had selected, then called Mark in to help. He had stood there stark-naked, his

cock hard, daring his father to make love to him on the spot, and then laughing Mark out of his anger.

Mark loved the fact that Davie was totally without inhibitions and without prejudice. He was proud of the fact that Davie had played around with his black friend, and wanted him to keep that open mind and attitude all his life.

It was because of that, when Mark decided that it was time for Davie's first threesome—even though he did not want to share Davie with anyone in his heart—he chose a black friend of his, whom he knew would be another unique experience for Davie.

Harry was a successful lawyer who had worked his way up the corporate ladder on his own, a no-nonsense guy when it came to business and sex and self. He was solid, good looking and hung—a no-holds-barred hunky sex partner. When Mark proposed the idea to him over lunch, Harry had nearly popped the vest buttons on his beautifully tailored business suit.

“You want to have a threesome with whom?”

“My son.”

“Holy shit, that's what I thought you said.”

“How about it?”

“Is he gay?”

“He thinks he is. And I want him to learn it all the right way.”

“Well, he sure as hell came to the right man,”

Harry said, laughing and lifting his wine glass.

“His pop is one of the best fucks in LA.”

“Thank you, friend.”

“I mean it.”

“Thank you again.”

“Man, I thought I'd tried everything. But I've never made it with a father and son. Well, not a real father and son anyway.”

Mark reached into his billfold, pulled out

Davie's picture and shoved it across the table.

"Holy shit, buddy, we could end up in Alcatraz, if they still sent faggots there. My, this gets more exciting by the second. Wanna feel my big, black hard-on?"

"I'm serious."

"I know. But aren't you playing with fire?"

"I thought so in the beginning, but now... I don't know if I am or not."

"You must love that kid very much to take a chance like you're taking."

"I do."

"Well, I'd hate to miss one moment of his education."

"See you tonight? About six?"

That evening, Davie and Mark prepared a huge salad, stuck it in the refrigerator and were lazing in the pool when Harry arrived. Mark had told Davie about him, but nothing could have prepared Davie for the sight of Harry coming through the terrace doors.

Harry was over six feet tall, with a muscled body and a handsome face. He smiled at them both, knowing full well the setting sun made his coffee skin glow like burnished copper. He was wearing a pair of white gauzy shorts slit up the sides to the waist with nothing on under them, leaving little to the imagination insofar as his generous endowment was concerned.

"I thought I'd wear something giddy," he said, grinning broadly as he walked to the pool. "The rest of my drag is in the living room."

"Davie, this is Harry, one of my better buddies. Harry, this is my son, Davie."

Harry looked at Davie a long moment, then frowned and took his hand.

"You poor thing," he said seriously, then broke out laughing.

"Hello," Davie said.

Harry held onto Davie's hand and turned to Mark. "I can't believe that this lovely lad sprung out of those tired old loins of yours." He laughed

again and turned back to Davie. “You sure he’s your pappy, boy? And not just some dirty old man?”

“He’s mine, all. right,” Davie said, then turned to Mark. “At least, I hope so.”

“And a very lucky boy you are,” Harry said. He started to push his shorts down, then stopped. “This pool isn’t segregated, is it?”

“Shut up, you silly shit, and get that ass in here.”

Harry bent over again and slid out of his shorts. When he stood up, his cock flopped over his balls. It was four inches or so soft that Mark knew would grow to nine when it got hard for hot sex.

They played in the pool, raced and ducked each other, taking time out for several glasses of wine and several more drags on a joint, then relaxed on the’ suncots.

“I thought you were gonna feed me,” Harry said. “I can’t take much more of these athletic events.”

“Coming right up,” Mark said, heading for the kitchen. “We’ll eat out here.”

“In our present attire, I hope.”

“What else,” Mark answered, laughing.

He returned to the terrace with everything on a huge tray. They all three ate ravenously.

Mark lit another joint after dinner and they all three stretched out in the chairs as Mark kept an eye on Davie, whom he thought the marijuana might undo. But Davie seemed to enjoy it as the other two did, and their slurred speech made them laugh at nearly everything that was said.

When they were quiet for a moment, Harry slid off his chair and knelt between Mark’s legs.

“I’ve been sporting a hard-on all day, thinking about licking this big prick,” he said.

He pressed his face into Mark’s crotch and tongued out Mark’s balls and crotch hair. He pushed Mark’s cock across his thigh and took one of his big

hairy balls into his hot mouth, then opened up wider and sucked them both in, wallowing them around and teasing them with his hot spitty tongue.

Mark's cock jerked against Harry's cheek. He looked over at Davie, who seemed to like what he was seeing as he slowly stroked his cock and kept his eyes glued to the back of Harry's head.

Harry grabbed Mark's prick and squeezed, pumping blood into his cockhead. He slid his lips over it and gently bit down, sending spasms of delight through Mark's body.

Mark looked down and sighed loudly as his hardening cock slowly sank into Harry's hot mouth and he felt Harry's hot breath scorch his cock hair.

Mark reached down and grabbed Harry under his arms, pulling him up. As he stood, Mark put his hands on Harry's hips and gently turned him around, sinking down behind his beautiful black ass. He spread his curved ass cheeks and sniffed the slightly musky scent of his hot ass crevice, then began licking out his juicy ass crack.

"Oh, yeah, baby, eat my black ass," Harry moaned, slowly stroking his big cock.

Davie slid out of his chair and sank to his knees in front of Harry's crotch. He grabbed Harry's muscular thighs and began licking his black balls, then tongued his way up his black cock and sank his hot mouth all the way down Harry's hard fuckmeat.

"Too fuckin' much," Harry sighed. "Got the father suckin' out my ass and the son suckin' off my prick."

Mark reached around and ran his hands over Harry's crotch, already wet with Davie's spit. He shuddered with joy as he felt Davie's mouth plunge all the way down Harry's prick eagerly and knew Harry had been the right choice for Davie's first threesome.

"Holy shit, babies! Love them hot fuckin' mouths!" Harry said, wriggling his ass back and forth as he got double-fucked.

Mark pulled his face out of Harry's ass. "Put a couple of those pads down on the deck and I'll go get some supplies."

“And bring a popper, Papa,” Harry said, laughing. “Although I’m already so fuckin’ hot I might not need one.”

Mark returned to the terrace with some amyl, a jar of grease and a couple of dildoes to find Harry stretched out on his back and Davie humping his cock in and out of his mouth. Harry’s hands were digging into Davie’s ass, pushing and pulling his young, stiff cock in and out of his hot, hungry mouth.

Mark wanted to sit on Harry’s big black cock, but this was Davie’s night, and Mark wanted him to really get off on it. So he squatted down over Harry’s thighs and began rimming Davie’s hot little asshole as he fucked Harry’s mouth.

Davie flinched when he felt Mark’s tongue invade his ass, bobbing his face in and out of his juicy ass crack with the rhythm of Davie’s bouncing ass.

When Mark felt Davie begin to quiver, he could tell that he was working up a load. He pulled his ass back while Harry lay there, looking up and licking his lips with a broad grin.

Mark moved around behind Harry’s head when Davie slid his stiff cock back into Harry’s mouth. He squatted down, offering his prick to Davie as he fucked Harry’s happy face.

The sight of the son fucking his father really turned Harry on. He let Davie’s cock slide out of his mouth as he looked up in wonder, watching Davie’s wet lips lunge up and down his dad’s prick.

“Oh, wow! That’s too fuckin’ much! Go, baby! Eat your daddy’s big, beautiful cock!”

He licked his lips, then slid up under Mark’s ass, sucking his hairy balls into his hot mouth.

He wallowed them around in his searing spit, pulling on them roughly and feeling Davie’s lips touch his, each time Davie dove all the way down Mark’s stiff, throbbing cock.

Mark nearly went crazy as the two hot mouths sucked on his big cock and tight balls. Shudders shot up his spine. He wanted them to stop at that

moment and then he wanted them to keep sucking him forever, the pleasure in his prick and nuts too exciting to endure.

Suddenly, Harry let Mark's balls pop out of his mouth. He scooted up under Mark's ass, wrapping his arms around Mark's legs. He spread Mark's ass cheeks with his fingers, then clamped his mouth on Mark's ass lips, plunging his tongue all the way up his hot shitter. Hot saliva oozed out of Davie's mouth around Mark's cock, slid off his hairy balls and dripped down on Harry's heaving chest, making him suck Mark's asshole even harder.

Suddenly, Mark could not stand the double sensation one second longer without popping his load. He pushed Davie off his cock.

"Stop, baby, stop!" he moaned. "Both of you," he panted, raising his ass off Harry's hot mouth and sinking back on his heels.

Harry looked up at Davie and winked. "Come here, you cute little cocksucker," he said, pulling Davie's mouth down to his.

Davie chuckled and sucked Harry's tongue into his mouth, his body arched and his lovely ass mounds high in the air over Harry's body. Mark moved around the two of them, knelt between Harry's legs, grabbed Harry's cock and balls and lowered his face into Davie's ass crack, sniffing the asshole aroma deeply.

Mark slurped out Davie's ass ravenously as he reached for the grease. He smeared Harry's hard cock up and down, then shoved grease up his asshole with his trembling fingers. He rubbed Harry's big cockhead up and down his ass crack, then centered his ass lips over it. He began to sink down slowly, feeling the silky flesh of Harry's cock knob push his asshole open and inch up him as he slid down. He groaned with pleasure as he ground his asshole lower on that big black cock until his horny ass was buried in Harry's curly cock hair. He squeezed his asshole around the root of Harry's prick and shivered as Harry made his big cock jerk and squirm deep inside his guts.

Mark pulled his mouth out of Davie's ass and pulled him up and around, sucking Davie's stiff cock in his mouth to his tight balls.

Harry put his hands on Davie's ass and gently pulled him back. Mark bent his body to follow Davie's cock until Davie was sitting on Harry's

mouth. Mark's head bobbed up and down Davie's cock with a low groan as his asshole careened up and down Harry's cock.

Davie ground his ass into Harry's face and squirmed as Mark's mouth sucked his cock faster and faster, and Harry's tongue plunged up his asshole deeper and deeper, until he could no longer control the cum churning in his balls.

"Dad!" he said breathlessly. "I'm... gonna... come!"

Mark slid his hot mouth all the way down Davie's prick as it began to throb and jerk wildly. He felt the hot load blast up Davie's stiff cock and splatter into his mouth.

"Oh, Daddy!"

Harry moaned, too, as Davie's asshole squeezed on his spearing tongue with each searing shot of his hot spunk into his father's mouth.

When it stopped spurting, Mark milked Davie's prick down tenderly, swallowing the sweet last drops of his cum. He looked up at Davie and grinned as the boy's saliva-slick cock slid out of his mouth.

Davie stood up. His cock was still semi-hard and he flipped it in his father's face with a grin.

Mark knew he would be able to go again in a few minutes, smiling as he remembered his own cock at Davie's age, half-hard all the time, and ready to shoot off at the drop of a hat.

"You liked it?" Mark asked.

"Oh, yeah, it was super," Davie said, watching Mark twist his asshole on Harry's plunging cock and smiling.

"Work that ass, man!" Harry begged. "Work that asshole on my stiff cock. Bounce on it, you beautiful fuckin' hunk!"

Mark sank down Harry's cock all the way, then bent forward, sliding his legs up along Harry's sides.

Harry locked his arms around Mark's shoulders and slowly turned him over on his back.

Mark locked his legs around Harry's hips and lifted his asshole, clamping it hard on Harry's cock buried all the way up his hot ass. He wrapped his arms around Harry's neck as he felt his big black cock start to fuck him, plunging in and out of his anxious ass.

"Oh, Harry, baby, hump the hell out of me!"

"Get ready, Daddy," Harry said, laughing. "'Cause I'm gonna fuck your faggot-father ass off!"

Harry's ass muscles tightened under Mark's heels as he began pushing his hard prick in and out of Mark's upturned ass. He smashed Mark's own hard cock and cum-crammed balls between their hot, sweating bodies.

"Fuck me, buddy!" Mark begged loudly. "Fuck me with that big, black cock!"

"Yeah! Yeah! Damn, that good pussy, baby!" Harry growled, ramming his hard cock in and out of Mark's asshole harder and harder. He bent Mark's body higher and higher, until Mark's knees were cupping his ears and Harry was jackknifed high in the air over Mark's prick-hungry pleasure asshole.

"Goddamn, man! Give it to me!" Mark screamed. "Give that hot... fuckin'... load to me!"

Davie's cock was stiff as a pole. He slid to his knees beside the fucking man, pumping his prick as hard. He scooted around quickly and sank down behind Harry, burying his face in Harry's ass and rimming his asshole out.

Harry threw back his head and grunted like an animal, clenching and unclenching his ass cheeks around Davie's driving face.

"Holy shit, man! You've taught... this kid... every fuckin' thing!" he panted, pounding his prick into Mark's ass with the full force of his muscled body.

"I've tried... I've tried!" Mark managed to yell between the back-breaking lunges of Harry's cock humping him like a cock-driven demon.

Davie raised up, grabbing his hard prick. He aimed the head at Harry's juicy hole and pushed, sliding his cock up Harry's ass in one hard, driving lunge.

“Holy shit!” Harry screamed. “Holy... fuckin’... shit!”

Davie grabbed Harry’s hips and began pumping his prick in and out of his beautiful upturned black ass.

“Man, that’s fuckin’ wild!” Harry yelled. “Got my cock... up the daddy... and the son’s... got his dick... up me! Go, child! Fuck Uncle Harry good!”

Mark could feel each hard slam of Davie’s cock up Harry’s humping ass force every cramming centimeter of Harry’s cock up his bruised and begging asshole until there was no more cock to cram into him. He ground his ass hard into Harry’s groin and the fast, furious fucking was pure brutal ass-pleasure. He could feel Davie’s cock fucking him through Harry’s hot ass, and the thrill was excruciating to every taut nerve in his body.

Harry threw his head back and screamed with exquisite agony as Davie pounded prick into his ass harder and harder. He tried to hold off his load, grinding his teeth together, biting his lips savagely. But the sensation was too marvelous. He began to groan and grunt as he felt his load scream in his balls and beg to be shot into Mark’s hot shitter.

Suddenly, Davie growled like a lion, drove his cock all the way up Harry’s heaving asshole and held it deep in Harry’s guts, shooting off his second load of scalding spunk with screams of joy.

“I’m... coming! I’m... coming!” Davie yelled.

“Yeah, baby! Let Uncle Harry have it fuckin’ all! Shoot that sweet spunk right up Uncle Harry’s hot fuckin’ ass!”

Harry’s cock throbbed and jerked in Mark’s ass, shooting its load, squirming like a snake and blasting red hot jism up Mark’s ass like a cannon.

“Yeah! Yeah! That’s it! That’s my... fuckin’... load, buddy!” Harry screamed as he filled Mark’s ass. His cock twisted and squirmed on Davie’s ass at the same time, doubling the scum shooting thrill.

Davie fell on top of Harry like a limp rag, pushing Harry down on Mark, creating a tangle of arms and legs and asses.

“That was... fuckin’ fantastic!” Harry panted. “Fuckin’ fanfuckintastic!”

Davie moaned as his slippery body slid down off Harry and his cock oozed out of Harry’s aching asshole.

Harry pulled himself up off Mark and felt his prick ease out of Mark’s ass. “Christ, what a fuck!” he said, rolling over on the mat.

Mark lowered his cramped legs and sucked in breath. “I feel like an aching acrobat.”

“A well-fucked acrobat,” Harry said, laughing. He slapped Davie across the ass. “This kid of yours is a pretty good fuck, man.”

“Like father, like son,” Mark said, trying to sit up painfully.

Davie moved between his legs, sliding his arms around his father in a warm, wonderful bear-hug.

“Having fun?” Mark asked, sliding his arms around Davie’s shoulders.

Davie nodded. “Harry’s a real hot guy.”

“You ain’t so bad yourself. You’ve already dropped two loads.”

“And we’d better do something about you,” Davie said, playing with Mark’s prick.

“No problem,” Harry said, then widened his eyes and grabbed his cheeks with his hands.

“Lawdy! The night ain’t over, is it?”

CHAPTER FIVE

Mike, an old friend of Mark's, ran a big private club in the valley, which usually jumped a lot on weekends and wasn't bad in between. The back rooms were very busy where all kinds of sex happened almost all the time, indiscriminately wild or uninhibitedly disgusting, depending on your preference. Mark thought Davie might get an education quickly if they spent an evening there, and he asked Mike if he could bring Davie in.

Mike had shrieked. "Holy shit! you want me to lose my license?"

"He won't drink and I'll keep him beside me all the time we're here."

"Your own son. You're too fuckin' much, Mark!"

"I just want him to learn the ropes—and the possibilities—the right way."

"Don't write an article, okay? Well, bring him in. But get him into the proper drag. I don't want a twinkie in toe shoes, even if he is your son."

Mark and Davie spent the next afternoon in numerous used clothing stores. They had a lot of fun trying on everything from World War II paratrooper jungle gear to some bleached-out caftans that must have been left-overs from an old Dorothy Lamour film. They finally found a suitable outfit for Davie's first gay club visit—an old plaid work shirt, some faded jeans, and an old pair of work boots on their last sole.

Mark spent the early evening at the pool sharing a bottle of wine with Davie and getting his outfit in proper order. He did matching shirts for them, taking one of his own and cutting the top buttons off them both, then cutting out the sleeves. He made sure both their pairs of jeans provocative holes when he was finished and even managed to make the work boots a scruffier mess.

Davie modeled his clothes for Mark, who lay on the suncot, sipping wine and thinking what a hot little fucker his son was.

"I'll have to watch every fuckin' member in the joint tonight like a mother hen," Mark told Davie.

“I look that good, huh?”

“Vanity, vanity, all is vanity!” he said, tempted to cut a hunk of material out of one of Davie’s ass cheeks. Naw, he thought, that would just be adding frosting to the cake.

They parked in the lot about ten and walked into the club to find the place not too crowded, which was usual for a weeknight, but crowded enough for Davie’s first visit. The weekends were a smorgasbord, cheek to cheek or hand to cheek with too many hot, beautiful guys to choose from, let alone put the make on.

After some friendly jostling and a few free grabs of crotches and cheeks, they found a place at the corner of the bar.

Mike spotted them, waved and came to greet them. “Hey, buddy, what’s happenin’?”

“Mike, this is my son, Davie.”

Mike took Davie’s hand and shook it, then held on to it as he turned to Mark. “You lie, you old faggot! This cute kid didn’t come out of that old used cock of yours.”

Davie blushed and Mark roared. “You jealous, you old fart?”

“I damned sure am. you better chain this hot little hunk to your belt. What’ll you have?”

“A beer and a...”

“Shirley Temple,” Mike said, winking at Davie. He went to get their drinks, and Mark explained the layout to Davie, interrupted by several of Mark’s very curious acquaintances, who came over to chat and check out Mark’s young trick. Davie took it all with a grain of salt and he began to enjoy himself.

They leaned up against the bar and Davie eyed it all with wonderment—the sweating bare-chested guys of all shapes, ages and colors dancing under the wild whirling lights; hungry leather dudes in full dress circulating and checking out the evening’s possible partners; the smell of beer, pot and poppers along with smoke that made the air so dense you could slice it with

a samurai sword; guys tongue-sucking at the bar and dry fucking their bodies all over each other; the pulsating music at full, relentless volume; the array of Western outfits that never saw a corral or a horse—a whole spectrum of guys letting hang out whatever they damned well wanted to let hang out.

Davie filled up quickly with all the ginger ale he was drinking and made repeated trips to the john. He amused Mark each time he returned with a grin on his face.

“Guys carrying on in there?”

“Yeah. Some guy wanted to suck me off, but I told him I was with my lover.”

“That’s always a good answer. You’re learning, fast, boy.”

“Got myself a good teacher.”

“Well, if you wanna get your rocks off, let one of these dudes do you,” Mark said, cuffing Davie playfully. “Most of them are pretty good cocksuckers. If they’re not, God knows it’s not from want of practice.”

Several handsome and horny young men asked Davie to dance, which he did readily, dancing with a man for the first time. When he returned to Mark’s side, he was sweating even more. The heady scene filled Mark’s nostrils and excited him.

“Well, Dad,” Davie said, when he came back to Mark, “when are you gonna show me the back rooms?”

“Been invited back there already?”

“Several times,” Davie said, grinning. “Must be wild, huh?”

“All right. But at the risk of sounding like a father, stick close to me.”

“Sure. Turn me on.”

The hallway and the rooms off of it were lit by tiny red lights. Mark had barely adjusted his eyes when they stopped at the first doorway. The air was hot and reeked of rutting sweat, beer breath and popper fumes, not to mention the odor of male juices of every description.

“Gee,” Davie said, awestruck.

“You’ll get used to it,” Mark said, squeezing his hand. “Just hang on to Daddy,” he said, laughing.

Davie peered into the first room with him. They could see the occasional glint of dim light on bare asses and bare chests, see shadowy shapes of men on their knees sucking cocks or rimming asses and make out figures of other bodies getting fucked bent over or leaning up against walls. Slurping sounds, grunts and moans emitted from these heaving, humping men, deep in the hot throes of lust, oblivious to anything around them, with no thought on their minds but sucking a stiff cock, or fucking and rimming a hot asshole.

“Ready, Son?” Mark asked, slipping off his shirt and tucking in his belt in the back.

“Sure,” Davie said brightly, then followed his father into the room.

Mark put his arms around Davie and kissed him as hot hands slid up and down their bare backs, caressed their ass cheeks and slid around their hips to grope their bulging crotches. Mark felt Davie quiver in his arms at the unfamiliar onslaught. He pushed their hands away and led Davie back out into the dimly lit hall.

“Well, is it too much for you?” Mark asked softly in Davie’s ear.

“No. It’s really... something, isn’t it?” Davie whispered, his eyes busy following shadows up and down the hallway.

“And Los Angeles is full of them. All busy little hives of bees drinking or spreading honey.”

Davie gave Mark a nudge, and they moved down the hall chuckling.

As they moved from room to room, Mark could sense Davie’s wondrous curiosity at all the sexual acrobatics he was seeing and hearing. He kept an arm around Davie’s shoulder to fend off the familiar but flattering hands so that Davie could take it all in without interruption. He could tell, also, that Davie was excited that all this was happening in front of other guys; in fact, some guys were getting their kicks just watching other guys make it who were getting theirs being watched. At any rate, Mark noticed that Davie didn’t miss a thing.

The sling room smelled of leather and sweat. Davie peered in and his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he watched two squirming naked dudes in slings, one on top of the other, and a big, bare-chested leather top stuffing their hot assholes with his arms at the same time. The thick haze of popper fumes made Mark's head reel and he felt Davie stiffen slightly.

"How can they take that?" Davie whispered.

Mark pulled him out into the hallway and they leaned up against the wall. "I think fist fucking to some guys is the ultimate masochism and that turns them on. Some of them just want to prove how much they can take. It might not be too safe a sport, but if it's what a guy chooses to do, it's his life."

"But it looks... I don't know."

"Don't worry about it now. We'll talk about it later if you want. How about seeing a guy take a bath?"

"A bath?"

"Well, a kind of bath. Come on. You said you wanted to see it all. Well, take a deep breath."

"And I'll get stoned or high!"

"Why not?"

Mark guided Davie down the hall a few steps and into a room reserved for water sports. There were two or three guys on their knees drinking piss right from the source and two naked guys in a big, old fashioned bathtub getting showered by several men pissing on them. Even in the dim light, Davie could see the sheer pleasure on their faces as hot, salty piss hit their faces, their open mouths and their bare bodies. All underscored by the sounds of other guys gulping down piss all over the room.

The hot sexual smells of sweat, piss, grass and poppers began to get to Mark. His cock began to twitch in his jeans. He squeezed Davie's bare shoulder, almost without thinking, then turned slowly to Davie. He lowered his lips to his, slid his hand down Davie's belly and unzipped his jeans, pushing Davie gently back against the wall.

Mark knelt slowly and opened his mouth in front of his son's beautiful cock. He looked up and told Davie with his eyes and his hands sliding around Davie's bare ass what he wanted him to do, then licked his lips lasciviously.

Davie looked down at his father's mouth, wide open and only inches from the head of his cock. He slowly relaxed and began to piss, a dribble at first and then a full, warm stream into his father's mouth, flooding it without stopping, and making Mark gulp it down so fast he was barely able to taste it.

Mark's mind flashed to all kinds of thoughts. Here he was, on his knees, drinking Davie's piss—his own son's piss, sweet virgin piss to any mouth—like a thirsty desert rat and loving it. What the fuck am I doing, he thought to himself. But he was unable to forgo the pleasure filling his belly. He would teach Davie later to pinch it off and feed a piss-drinker slowly, spacing out the used beer brew over a long period of time, making it more enjoyable for both the pisser and the drinker. But for now, he gulped down the continuous flow ravenously, reveling in it and glutting his belly with it.

When the stream slowed to a stop, Mark milked Davie's cock out to the end with his lips, savoring the last sweet drops.

He looked up at Davie and licked his lips, then stood up and took Davie in his arms. When he pressed his mouth to Davie's, Davie took his tongue without a qualm, sucking it into his own mouth and moaning slightly.

"That was wild, Dad," he said, pulling away.

"I took a chance."

"How's that?" Davie asked, pulling up his jeans.

"Well, I wasn't sure you'd do it."

"I did it because you wanted it."

They moved out into the hall. Mark held Davie around the neck as Davie slid his arm around Mark's waist.

A number of guys were fucking in the bunk room. The loud slaps of flesh on flesh and the squishy sounds of cocks driving in and out of assholes filled the room with a kind of primitive, drum-beating tribal rite.

The men grunted like animals in heat, rutting like pigs as unknown stiff cocks stuffed unknown hungry assholes, driven deeper and deeper with each hard lunge.

“This is a real turn-on, Dad.”

“It sure is, boy.”

“My cock is so hard, it hurts.”

“Welcome to the club,” Mark reached over and felt Davie’s cock through his jeans. “I thought this might give my little boy a boner.”

“It sounds like the whole world is fucking.”

“That’s what this place is for. You wanna get fucked?”

“Yeah.”

“Put your arms around me. We’ll just stand here and tongue fuck. Something might happen.”

Mark’s kisses were hard and his breath hot. He could feel Davie’s prick throbbing against his own. He rubbed his crotch against Davie’s and moaned, wriggling his ass and snaking his tongue in and out of Davie’s mouth as he undid Davie’s jeans.

With his mouth still tight on Davie’s, he slid his own jeans down. In seconds, hot hands reached around their waists through the sweat and slid their jeans down to their ankles.

Mark could feel breath on his ass, then his cheeks being spread by hungry hands. He felt a warm, wet tongue licking out his ass crack, then the same tongue snaking in and out of his asshole, sending a luscious lusty warmth down his naked-to-the-ankles body.

“Jesus, Dad, somebody’s rimming me!” Davie whispered in Mark’s ear.

“I know. Me, too. If he starts finger-fucking you, all you have to do to get fucked is push back on his finger and squirm. He’ll get the message and you’ll get a screwin’.”

When Davie locked his arms around Mark’s waist, quivered and moaned slightly, Mark knew he was getting a finger or two up his hot, little ass. Then, suddenly Davie bit into Mark’s shoulder.

“Oh, my god!” he moaned.

Mark knew some dude had started to stick a cock up Davie’s asshole. He held him tightly until he relaxed on the fucker spearing him, then felt a whopper cockhead nudge his own asshole open and slowly slide up his own ass.

When the unknown cocks were buried in their asses, hands slid around their hips. Four wet, rough, slick hands began pulling on their cocks and balls between their bellies as pricks started sliding in and out of their assholes.

Davie’s grip on Mark’s waist was like a vise, and he sucked his father’s tongue like he’d never have another one, moaning and grinding his ass into his fucker, just as Mark was doing.

Sweat ran down Mark’s back, gluing his body and his fucker together, and slithering down his belly, which smashed hard into Davie’s. The sweat smelled like stallions in heat, pushing up their noses like a popper.

Mark’s fucker growled and rammed his hot cock all the way up Mark’s guts. He grunted in Mark’s ear as his cock throbbed and shot off, jerking and spasming in Mark’s bruised asshole. His spurts of spunk filled Mark’s ass with a red-hot fire that burned every nerve in his skewered, sweaty body. He collapsed against Mark’s back, his arms relaxing and his hot breath loud in Mark’s ear. He licked the back of Mark’s neck and slurped across Mark’s shoulders as his cock shot its last spurts of spunk.

Mark clinched his asshole tight to hold him in until Davie got his fucker’s load, wanting the thrill of the double-fuck to end with a cock still up his aching asshole.

Davie’s fucker grabbed a tit in each hand and squeezed hard. Davie groaned and the fucker smashed his cock hard up Davie’s asshole, almost throwing them all off balance, shuddering violently as he shot off in Davie’s ass. He jarred all four of them and grunted like a bull, pushing Davie so hard into Mark that he could barely breathe. Davie’s arms were iron around Mark’s neck as his tongue drilled into his father’s mouth. His hot fucker’s breath felt like a blast furnace on both their faces, then slowly subsided until he was still.

Mark’s fucker pulled his big prick out of his ass.

“Damn, man, that was one hot fuck!” he said, moving off and pulling up his jeans.

Davie’s fucker slid out of his ass without a word, pulled up his jeans and moved off into the darkness.

Davie and Mark stood there a moment, breathing hard. They picked up their shirts and mopped sweat off their faces and chests, then pulled up their jeans and staggered out of the room into the hallway.

Mark put his arm around Davie’s shoulders and pulled him close. “I think we’ve been royally initiated, Son.”

“My ass is a mess.”

“Don’t worry about it. Just dig the sensation. Wanna walk around some more?”

The last room had a partition in the center that left a walkway around either side. In front of the partition was a rough wooden bench the full length of it with four holes cut in the top. It looked like a modified version of an old outhouse and smelled just as bad.

“What happens here?” Davie asked.

“Well, guys go around that partition, crawl under on their backs, get their mouths under the holes and, when some guy sits on one of the holes, they...”

“Holy shit!”

“That’s right. Turn you off?”

“No, I guess not. Not if that’s their thing, huh?”

“Good boy.”

“Sure stinks in here.”

“And good reason. Let’s get some air.”

They moved out into the hall and leaned up against the wall. Mark slid his arm around Davie’s shoulder and kissed him.

A dark figure moved close to them and grinned through the dim haze. He put a hand on each of their crotches and rubbed slowly. He moaned,

unzipped their flies and reached in, pulling out their pricks. He sank down in front of them and began pulling them hard, licking their cocks alternately and playing with their balls. Then he took both their cocks in his mouth at the same time.

“Oh, wow!” Davie muttered.

“Wild, huh?”

“Both of us at once. I don’t believe it.”

“Believe it, baby.”

In seconds, his mouth had Davie and Mark hotter than the seventh ring of hell, and they began fucking his mouth in unison.

The feeling was sensational. Their cocks rubbed tight against each other as his big mouth slid up and down them, feeling each other’s stiffness in that wondrous mouth made both their pricks throb with pleasure.

Their sucker grunted like a madman and slurped on their cocks loudly. A couple of guys squatted down to watch, and a few more stopped to do the same. No one tried to get into the act. They were too intent watching a real master at work.

“This guy’s attracting a crowd,” Davie whispered, breathing heavily.

“Well, it’s a damned good show. And he’s a fucking star,” Mark panted.

“Kiss me,” Davie said quickly.

Mark turned his head and took Davie’s mouth with his, sliding their tongues between each other’s lips.

“I don’t think I can hold it, Davie,” Mark said around Davie’s tongue.

“Me, neither, Dad. This guy is wild.”

“We got a fuckin’... suckin’... expert... down on our pricks... boy,” Mark gasped.

Mark could feel Davie’s balls pull up tight as he began to shudder in Mark’s arms.

Mark felt his own load churn wildly in his aching balls as they pulled up to the base of his cock, just as Davie grunted and froze. His cock jerked as

his load shot up the length of it and blasted out into the hot cocksucker's mouth in spurt after splattering spurt.

Mark felt Davie's cock shoot, too, as Davie's body wrenched and jerked in his arms, then went limp against his chest.

The cocksucker milked their cocks down separately, then slowly slid his mouth off.

Davie threw his arms around his father's neck and whispered, "I... love... you... Dad."

"I love you, too, Davie," Mark whispered back. He turned into his son and kissed him as their sweaty chests and their wet cocks touched.

CHAPTER SIX

Davie and Mark spent a number of sunny afternoons at the beach. Davie loved the ocean, and Mark loved watching him run up and down the beach and in and out of the water. He thought Davie looked like a lovely young god and it was all Mark could do to keep a check on his cock watching Davie cavort in the surf like a sleek, playful porpoise.

One morning, Davie was searching for something to take to the shore, and he unintentionally opened Mark's S&M drawer in his bedroom chest. It was full of toys, leather gear, boots and all sorts of other items Davie had only read about.

Later, on their way to the beach, Davie brought the subject up. "That stuff in one of your drawers..."

Mark was slightly taken aback. He waited a moment, then asked, "What about it?"

"Do you... well... wear it?"

"Sometimes."

"Do you tie guys up?"

"If they wanna be."

Davie thought a moment. "I've read about it."

"And what did you think?"

"Well," Davie said, laughing. "I got a hardon."

Mark thought about it a moment, and felt his cock jerk as he looked over at Davie's crotch to see the head of Davie's cock peeking out the top of his bikini.

"You sure as shit can't walk along the beach with a big hard-on. I'd lose you."

"You'll never lose me, Dad," Davie said. He put his hand on Mark's thigh, sending goose bumps crawling up Mark's groin.

“Stop it, you little fucker, or I’ll wreck this car and we’ll never make it to the beach.”

Davie cupped his hand over Mark’s bikini crotch and rubbed. “You’re horny, too, Pop.”

He pushed Mark’s bikini down and pulled out his stiffening cock. “Why don’t we go home and fool around, fella?”

“Stop that!”

Davie started to pull his bikini pants down.

“I’m trying to turn you on,” he said.

“I’m turned on, you crazy little shit. And you’re gonna get turned over... then get your butt busted if you don’t put that suit back on.”

Davie kicked off the bikini completely and then stretched out, slowly stroking his cock. “Naw, this is fun.”

“Davie, I’m warning you.”

“What are you gonna do, Dad?”

“I’m gonna have your fuckin’ balls when we get home, boy!”

“Oh?”

“I’m gonna paddle that hot little ass!”

“Oh, really?” Davie said nonchalantly.

“Now get that fuckin’ suit back on or you’re gonna get it right here.”

“No.”

“You’ll get us both arrested.”

“But I don’t know any better.” He reached over and grabbed Mark’s hard cock as Mark grabbed his hand and squeezed the shit out of it.

“That hurts!”

“Damn right,” Mark said firmly, spinning the car around. “And it’s not the only thing that’s gonna hurt when we get home, boy!”

Mark opened the garage door on the way up the drive, slammed the car to a stop and got out. He pushed the button closing the door, then jerked Davie's door open. He grabbed Davie hard by the wrist, pulled him out of the car and dragged him into the store room.

He slammed Davie up against the wall and handcuffed his wrists to steel rings, then kicked his legs apart and cuffed them to rings in the floor. When Davie bent down to look, Mark grabbed a handful of hair and yanked his head up.

"You make one fuckin' sound, boy, and you won't live to tell the fuckin' tale!"

Davie had hardly expected this treatment, and he was plainly scared. His skin shuddered and chills shot up his spine.

"I don't hear nothin'!"

"Yes."

"Yes, what, shithead?"

"Yes, sir!"

Mark stormed into the house, leaving a bewildered Davie hanging from the cuffs.

Mark opened a can of beer and smiled, downing it without stopping. He pulled off his bikini and tank top and headed for the bedroom, where he slid into a pair of chaps and buckled the wide, black belt around his waist. He eased his cock and balls into a steel ring, pulled on leather boots and stood up to look at himself.

"This outta scare the livin' shit out of him," he said to the mirror, chuckling.

He pulled on a leather motorcycle cap, checked himself again in the mirror and grinned when he saw his cock getting hard.

He grabbed another beer on the way to the store room, sipping it as he stood in the doorway looking at Davie, who looked so vulnerable to him that, for a second, he nearly changed his mind about the whole scene. Still, if Davie were to have a master/slave scene with anyone, it had to be with him. He sighed and resolved to see to a finish what he had already started.

Davie raised his head after a few moments.

“Don’t you look at me, boy!” Mark growled.

Davie lowered his head as Mark grabbed a steel stretcher from the wall, attaching each end to the cuffs on Davie’s ankles, then unsnapping them from the rings on the floor. It held both feet wide apart and no longer attached to the floor. Mark looked up to check his wrists already hooked into rings on another stretcher, suspended from the center on a track.

He gripped Davie’s ass and swung his whole body out to the center of the store room, where Davie hung spread-eagled and suspended, his wrists stretched wide and his feet barely touching the bare floor.

Mark stuffed a filthy, raunchy jock strap in his mouth, then attached a light tit-clamp to each of Davie’s tits. Mark knew they were painful but not overly so, and Davie made no sound.

He threaded a two-pound weight through a leather thong and tied it around Davie’s cock and balls. When it let the weight go, Davie moaned slightly but again said nothing.

“I’ll teach you to disobey me, you fuckin’ faggot!” Mark took a paddle down from the wall and got a good grip on the handle. He brought the broad surface down hard on Davie’s ass.

Davie threw his head back, but no sound came from his lips.

Mark whacked again and again, until his beautiful asscheeks reddened and quivered with pain. Still, Davie said nothing.

“You gonna do it again?”

Davie shook his head.

“I can’t hear you, cocksucker!”

“No, sir!” Davie garbled through the filthy jock.

“That’s better, you dirty-assed cock-licker!”

Mark leaned up against the work bench, drinking his beer. He could feel his bladder filling up, and took his time to get ready for some piss punishment. He picked up a vibrator and turned it on, then walked around Davie’s body, teasing him with the throbbing tip.

Davie's body reacted with an automatic twitch each time it was touched, but he kept his head bowed and made no sound.

Mark knelt behind Davie's red, welted ass and licked the paddle marks with his tongue. He grabbed some grease in his hand and worked a finger up Davie's asshole. Then he slowly inserted a second finger and a third. He wriggled them around inside Davie's asshole and pulled them out, sliding the vibrator up his greased ass and twisting it just enough to make Davie squirm.

"You like that, pussy-ass?"

"Yes, sir!"

Mark pulled the vibrator out of Davie's ass and tossed it onto the bench. He filled an enema bag with about a pint of water which he thought would be enough for Davie's first try, attached the bag to a hook above Davie's head and shoved the nozzle up Davie's greasy asshole.

Davie groaned and began to shiver as the water flowed up his guts. He twisted slightly in his chains and then relaxed, panting almost audibly.

"You better take every drop of that water up your worthless ass, boy, and hold it up there!"

"Yes, sir!" Davie barked. He winced when Mark pulled the nozzle out, then slid a butt plug up his ass and slapped him hard on both cheeks.

"That'll clean your fuckin' pussy hole out, boy!" Mark said, as he pulled a ladder around in front of Davie.

He slowly stripped, then took the jock out of Davie's mouth and stepped up the ladder facing his suspended, wide-eyed son.

"You know what men do to filthy faggots like you, shit ass? They piss on 'em! Look up here, cocksucker!"

As Davie raised his head, Mark let the piss fly. His scalding stream splashed Davie's feet, streamed up his legs, swirled around his cock and balls and splattered up his belly.

Mark pinched it off. "Open that filthy cocksuckin' mouth, faggot!"

When Davie obeyed, Mark filled it to the brim with his hot piss. “Now drink it, dick-licker!”

Davie grimaced and gulped it down without a sound.

Mark laughed and turned around, backing his ass up to Davie’s face.

“Eat my asshole, you stinkin’ queer! Get your cocklovin’ lips up on my ass and clean it fuckin’ out. Now suck out my stinkin’ shithole, piss-drinker!”

Mark felt Davie begin to lick and suck his asshole. His hot tongue sent sensational spasms up Mark’s spine and stiffened his cock even harder. After a few moments, he pulled away and turned around. He grabbed his cock and rubbed his cockhead over Davie’s face, leaving a trail of oozing precum on Davie’s cheeks, eyes and chin. “Suck it, shit-face! Suck my big stiff prick!”

Davie opened his mouth and Mark shoved the steel-hard shaft in all the way to his balls. “Suck it, you stinkin’, piss-drenched, ass-eater! Eat my big beautiful prick! Make that cunt-mouth work on my hard cock, boy!”

Mark grabbed a rafter and hung suspended as Davie’s hot mouth bobbed up and down on his throbbing cock. He was so turned-on by this scene with Davie that his cock hurt and Davie’s warm sucking mouth pumping his prick made him come dangerously close to dumping his prick out of Davie’s throat. Quickly, he pulled his prick out of Davie’s mouth and dropped to the floor panting loudly.

Mark took a moment to pull himself together, then moved around behind Davie. He slapped his red asscheeks hard and eased the butt plug out of Davie’s asshole.

“Don’t you let one fuckin’ drop of that enema dribble out of that hole, boy!” Mark warned him.

Davie clenched his asshole tight, then moaned as he felt Mark rub the head of his cock up and down his aching ass crack, then center his cockhead on the boy’s tightly clamped ass lips and push. Davie opened up cautiously as Mark’s pulsing prickhead slid up inside his warm, wet channel caressing his father’s fuck pole like a glove.

“You’re gonna get fucked with a red-hot enema up your asshole, you stinkin’ queer! And you better keep that fuckin’ cunt tight on my big prick, too!”

Mark rammed his prick all the way up Davie’s ass, grinding his sweaty cock hair into his son’s tender reddened ass cheeks.

“This’ll teach you to disobey me, shit-snatch!”

Davie broke out in a sweat as Mark slid his arms around his waist and grabbed his cock and balls. He felt Mark’s hairy chest smear the sweat on his back, and groaned as his father’s cock twitched deep in his aching asshole.

Mark unclipped the tit clamps and let them fall to the floor. He felt Davie’s ass clutch his cock as he massaged and twisted his nipples. He slid his hands down Davie’s stomach to his crotch, untied the thong around Davie’s cock and balls and let the weight drop to the floor.

Davie gasped and twisted in his cuffs as Mark pulled on his nuts and his hard cock until the pain was almost unbearable.

“You got somethin’ to say, snatch-lips?” Mark asked, chuckling maliciously.

“No, sir,” Davie said between clenched teeth.

“Good! “

Mark felt Davie stiffen and grind his ass back into his groin as he sank his prick up the boy’s hot little asshole as far as it would go.

“You got it fuckin’ all, pussy-ass! You got every fuckin’ inch of your old man’s stiff cock up that hot little crap-cunt!”

He let go of Davie’s cock and balls, tightened his arms around Davie’s waist and began to fuck, pulling his prick out to his cockhead and then riding his battering cock home, banging his balls against Davie’s beaten ass. Squishy, slapping sounds of flesh pounding flesh grew louder and louder in the stifling room as Mark slammed his cock in and out of Davie’s shithole, grunting like an animal.

“Good... fuckin’... ass, boy! Good, hot... fuckin’... ass!” Mark growled, riding his ramrodding prick up Davie’s fuckhole faster and faster.

“Oh, yes! Yes! Fuck me, sir!” Davie screamed.

He was crazy for the cock careening in and out of his hot asshole and he ground his ass back to meet each one of the prick-plummeting drives.

“Hump that shitter, boy! ’Cause... I’m gonna shoot... a big fuckin’ load... up that ass... you fucking queer!” Mark yelled breathlessly, drilling his cock in and out furiously.

His cum boiled in his balls, convulsing with each slam of his cock digging deeper and deeper into Davie’s asshole. He rammed his cock up Davie’s guts, locking his arms around Davie’s waist so hard he forced the air out of Davie’s lungs in one huge gasp.

“I’m comin’! I’m fuckin’... comin’!”, he yelled. “Get it... you little... stinkin’... shit-ass!”

His cum smeared up his cock and blasted up Davie’s guts in spurt after raging spurt of red-hot spunk as his body jerked with each gush from his balls.

“Oh, God! Oh, God!” Mark screamed, grinding his crotch into Davie’s ass with all his might until his heaving balls were drained.

He froze for a second, then slumped slowly against Davie’s back in shattering ecstasy that made him shiver and cringe all the way to his toes.

Slowly, Mark loosened his arms. As Davie sucked in breath, gasping for it as hard as Mark was gasping, he licked the sweat off Davie’s shoulders ravenously, then twisted Davie’s face around and kissed the wet lips, both their breaths hot as fire on their cheeks.

After a moment, Mark slid his hands down to Davie’s hips and held them firmly. “I’m gonna pull my prick out of your ass now, boy! You better keep that fuckin’ enema up there or you’ll drink it, fucker!”

Mark felt Davie’s asshole grab his cock like a clam as he slowly pulled it out. He moved around Davie and looked at him hanging there by the wrist, his body limp and sagging. He bent down and began licking Davie’s tits tenderly with his soothing tongue.

Davie began to purr, pushing his chest tight against Mark’s mouth as he sucked his hard nipples.

Mark slowly sank to his knees, gently lapping his way down Davie's belly and groin. He flicked his tongue around Davie's crotch, teasing, lapping and licking. He slid his tongue up one side of Davie's hard cock and down the other, feeling it throb excitedly against his hot asscheeks.

"You got a load in this prick, boy?"

"Yes, sir," Davie whispered.

"Well, I'm gonna suck you fuckin' dry!"

Mark licked the tip of Davie's cock, then opened his mouth and took his whole cockhead, tonguing his piss slit and swirling his tongue over the sensitive flesh as Davie began to squirm. He sank his mouth all the way down his cockshaft slowly and tantalizingly until his nose was buried in Davie's sweaty cock hair and his hot saliva made Davie's prick dance wildly in his mouth.

Davie began to moan and twist his ass, trying to fuck Mark's mouth. He ground his hungry cock between his father's hot clamping lips, shivering as Mark grabbed his hips, pushing and pulling his stiff prick deep in his driving mouth, forcing Davie's aching balls to bang his chin roughly. He threw back his head and screamed, bucking his prick into his father's mouth and jamming it all the way down his throat.

Mark pulled his mouth up to the head of the boy's stiff young cock as Davie's red-hot spunk spurted out the end, splattering against the back of his throat in stringy, searing globs.

Davie roared like a wounded wolf, as his whole body gyrated wildly in orgasm.

Mark stood up slowly, letting Davie's cock slide out of his mouth. He reached up and unhooked Davie's wrists, then bent down and uncuffed his ankles. He picked him up like a baby as Davie slid his arms around his neck.

"You gotta shit, Son?"

Davie looked up and grinned. "Pretty bad, Dad."

Mark carried him through the house and into the john, setting his slippery body down on the stool, then knelt between his legs as Davie let

go. Without a word, Davie began to piss his sweet stream into his father's mouth, watching Mark drink it greedily, savoring the taste as it streamed down his throat.

When he stood up, they kissed, filling both their mouths with the taste of Davie's cum and piss. Their bodies felt wet and warm and wonderful against each other, their hands caressing each other's asses.

Davie pulled away slightly and looked up, his lips forming a grin that shot sensations barreling through Mark's body.

"What's so amusing?"

"I'm the luckiest cocksucker in the world," Davie said, grinning broadly.

"No, you're not," Mark said. "I am." He slapped Davie's ass hard and laughed. "Now wipe your ass and let's hit the sack."

"Sure," Davie laughed. "Turn me on."

CHAPTER SEVEN

Mark had wracked his brain for some unique way to celebrate Davie's birthday, the first Saturday in August. He wanted to do something very special, something that Davie would remember the rest of his life.

Sam and Tony solved the problem for Mark. They invited Mark and Davie to go camping in the high desert. Their favorite spot was a very secluded hot springs, and it had always been a delightful experience for Mark to go there with them. They also knew how he felt about Davie and Mark thought that Davie would enjoy the fact that Sam and Tony were hard-rock nudists which would be another new awakening for Davie.

Mark proposed the idea to Davie, who was delighted to share a new adventure.

Sam had turned camp cooking into a gourmet delight, and Mark knew he would do something special for Davie when Mark told him the occasion for the celebration.

In the meantime, Mark bought Davie some hiking boots and purchased another sleeping bag.

They stuffed the backpacks with heavy sweat pants and shirts, lots of snacking food, towels, soap, and other assorted necessities, then tied on the bed rolls and tent.

When Tony and Sam picked them up, Mark insisted that Davie ride in the front seat with Tony so he wouldn't miss any of the spectacular scenery. By the time they arrived two hours later, all four of them were relaxed and in high spirits.

They stripped, stuck their clothes in the trunk of the car, and took off, with Tony leading the procession, carrying a backpack that looked bigger than an Allied Van.

Mark made sure that Davie missed nothing of the natural beauty of the desert during the whole five-mile trek and they all arrived at the hot springs tired, but still jovial.

They set up their tents on the grassy bank of the pool and spread their sleeping bags out inside them. Sam set up the camp stove and Tony got out some beer while they pulled off their hiking boots and sweaty socks.

They all sat there luxuriously nude and sipped, taking in the exquisite beauty of their surroundings. Mark reveled in the quiet loveliness of his two best friends and his gorgeous son, and thanked whatever powers that be for this tiny oasis of heaven.

They built a small fire under the stove, and Sam proceeded to turn the contents of several tins and plastic bags into a palatable feast, which they all ate greedily as the sun moved down behind the hills, forcing them to dig out their heavy sweat clothes before they finished.

They lay back and watched as the stars began to show in the sky, quiet with the beauty of it all. Finally, Davie took Mark's hand and pulled him up, leading him to their tent.

"Have a good night's sleep," Mark said to his dear friends.

"Sleep, hell. Have a good fuck," Tony said, laughing.

"We will," Davie replied, pulling his father into the tent.

They pushed the backpacks out of the way and stretched out on top of the sleeping bags. Davie snuggled up to Mark, who could feel the heat of his young body through the sweat gear. He nestled even closer as Mark kissed him and slid his hand up under his father's sweat shirt.

"You like hairy chests, boy?"

"I love yours. And I hope it's hereditary."

"It will be," Mark said, pulling him tighter.

Mark felt Davie's cock grow through his sweat pants and he pushed his body to Mark's. He moaned softly as Davie slid a hand down the front of his pants and rubbed his hardening cock.

"Thanks for a great birthday."

"It's not over yet," Mark said, pulling him close. "Wanna fuck?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Davie said, kissing his father.

"What would you like to do?"

“I’d like to go sit in the pool with you.”

“You’re kidding. We’ll freeze our cocks off.”

“We can keep them warm.”

“I’m sure we can. Grab a flashlight.”

They crawled out of the tent and zipped it up.

The cool air brushed around their naked bodies as they walked arm in arm to the water. They edged into the pool gingerly, slowly sinking down and giggling after searching the area with the beam of the flashlight for any unwelcome guests.

The awesome desert moon made them both glow with the warmth of love and Mark wanted Davie at that moment more than he had ever wanted anything in his life. He felt he could have eaten Davie alive.

They stood up in the water and put their arms around each other. Mark ran his hands down Davie’s back, cupping his cold ass cheeks and kissing him.

Davie’s cock was already stiff and he ground it into Mark’s groin.

“Tease,” Mark said, kissing him again.

“That’s not a tease. That’s for real.”

Davie took Mark’s head in his hands, pulling his father’s mouth to his and sliding his tongue between the lips he loved. He pressed his cock against Mark’s belly and began to piss as he held him. The warm stream shot up between their bodies with an exhilarating thrill.

Mark moaned and strained through a semi-erection. His own stream was triggered by the incredible warmth of Davie’s piss and he was able to let his piss fly, too, doubling the warm pleasure.

Davie moaned as he felt Mark’s piss and held him even tighter, smashing his stomach against Mark’s and shivering.

When they were both drained, Mark licked his way down Davie’s neck, across his chest and over his stomach, lapping up the piss-stains with his tongue as Davie squirmed and sighed. He sank into the cold water up to his neck, took Davie’s cock in his mouth and began sucking it.

“Oh, God, that feels so warm and wonderful,” Davie said, rubbing his hands in Mark’s hair.

Mark moaned, too, as he sucked Davie’s balls into his mouth. They were cold and shriveled, but his hot saliva had them warm in moments and Davie sighed again with the incredible delight of it.

Mark gently turned Davie around in the water and bent him over, spreading his ass cheeks. He began lapping out his ass crack, burrowing his tongue into Davie’s asshole as his wet, cold cheeks pressed against his face.

Davie reared back, pushing Mark’s head into the frigid water, then laughing when Mark came up sputtering.

“You little shit,” Mark blubbered. “I’m trying to make love and you wanna play.”

“It’s the same thing, isn’t it?”

“It’s a matter of degree, dingbat.”

They stood still, impervious to the chill of the water in the pool. Davie’s bright eyes blazed into Mark’s as they kissed, grinding their bodies together. In a moment, both their cocks were hard and straining against each other.

Davie slide down Mark’s chest and sucked on Mark’s tits, then lapped his way down Mark’s belly and took his cock in his mouth, slowly sliding his warm lips up and down the full length of his cold cock shaft until Mark could barely stand it.

Davie sensed Mark’s desire and slowly slid up, turning around in the water. He reached back and grabbed Mark’s cock, gliding it easily into his asshole as he pressed his rear end into Mark’s crotch.

Mark slid his arms around Davie’s stomach and held him tight, nipping his cold ears and neck with his teeth as he sighed, sinking his cock all the way up Davie’s asshole.

“Somebody hung that big moon up there just for us, Dad.”

“I know.”

“I’ll never forget this night.”

“Nor will I.”

“Fuck me, Dad. Please fuck me, right now!”

“Yes. Oh, yes, Davie!”

The frigid water was just below crotch level. Mark couldn't believe that he was keeping an erection in that icy pool as he began slithering his prick up Davie's ass with his balls floating on the cold surface.

Davie pressed back with each lunge of his father's stiff cock and bent over slightly, grinding his ass onto Mark's prick each time it pummeled up him. He sighed and shivered in the cool night air.

“God, that's wonderful, Dad!”

Davie reached back under his crotch and cupped Mark's balls in the water, but his hands were cold in seconds and he laughed again.

“It's called a frigid fuck,” Mark said, laughing with his son. He grabbed Davie's cock and balls and began fucking his ass fast, sliding his watery prick out and plunging it back in, holding Davie so tightly they were one body in the moonlight.

“Oh, yes, fuck me!”

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Mark panted.

The sensation was overwhelming to Mark. He moaned and tightened his grip on Davie's chest, sliding his hands back down to Davie's cock and balls, pulling on them mercilessly as Davie twisted his ass in the most sensuous spirals Mark had ever felt.

“Oh, God!” Mark moaned, swept away in the searing heat of Davie's asshole on his cock.

Davie sank his fingers into Mark's ass and held him still, pumping Mark's cock off with his asshole, throwing his head back and growling with lust.

“Fill me, Dad! Fill me... full!”

“Yes, baby! Yes!” Mark panted as he rammed his cock in and out of Davie's ass faster and faster until he could not bear one more lunge up that lovely shit-chute. He felt his load blast out of his balls and scream up the length of his prick into Davie's guts.

“I’m coming! Oh, shit, Davie! I’m coming!”

“Give it to me, Dad. Come! Come!”

“Get it, baby! Get my fuckin’ load!”

“Yes! Yes! I feel you shooting!”

Mark’s cock throbbed and jerked in Davie’s ass, shooting a gallon of red-hot jism up his son’s guts and shaking his shivering body down to his freezing feet.

Davie twisted his head around and kissed Mark as he felt his big cock fill him. His tongue was soft and sweet in Mark’s panting mouth.

“Oh, Dad, that was wonderful,” he whispered. “Leave it in me. Leave your cock up my ass the rest of my life.”

“Yes, Davie,” Mark said, gasping for air.

“That’s where my prick belongs. Buried in my little boy’s butt.”

They stood there under the shining stars and brilliant moon, as Mark locked his arms around Davie’s waist, gazing toward the heavens, melded together by his cock slowly softening in Davie’s asshole.

Davie winced as Mark’s prick slid out of his ass. He turned in Mark’s arms, slid his own arms around Mark’s neck and kissed him. Even in the frigid water, he felt the warmth of his father flood his body, as Mark’s hands cupped his cold ass cheeks and drew them together sliding his tongue into Davie’s mouth.

When they had climbed out of the pool, Mark pulled Davie down on the sleeping bags, took him in his arms and held him close. He kissed Davie and then eased his body on top of his. Soon, they were both warm, and Mark began licking Davie’s neck, tits, stomach and groin, warming up the young, willing flesh with his hot tongue.

Mark crouched between Davie’s legs and began licking his cock, heating it up with his hot breath and rubbing his chilled balls. He sucked the boy’s shriveled nut sac into his mouth and moaned.

Davie winced, twisted his ass slightly and felt the pleasure of his father’s mouth. His cock was stiff and ready, jerking as Mark bent his legs

up and began tonguing his ass crack, spearing his tongue in and out of his hot asshole, still stretched wide from Mark's fucking, teasing the tender tissues to a writhing tremor.

When Mark let Davie's legs down, he slid up over his son with his knees on either side of Davie's hips. He lowered his ass until the length of Davie's cock lay enveloped warmly in his hot ass crack. He rubbed Davie's stomach, pinched his tits gingerly and raised his ass slightly. He reached back and grabbed Davie's cock, rubbed his throbbing cockhead against his asshole and sank down slowly, shuddering with the sheer pleasure of Davie's prick sliding up his asshole.

When he had taken his whole cock, Mark sat there a moment, exhilarating in the exquisite feel of Davie's prick filling him completely. Then he bent forward and kissed Davie tenderly.

"Oh, God, that's wonderful," he whispered.

"Yes. Yes, Dad."

Mark began to move his asshole up and down Davie's cock, pulling off his prick to the end and then sinking down to the root, twisting his ass to get all of that lovely cock. He dug his fingers into Davie's shoulders as Davie ground his fingers into Mark's thighs.

"I'm jacking you off, boy! Jacking you off with my hot asshole!"

"Oh, Daddy!"

"Yes, baby! Daddy's ridin' this big stiff fuck rod he gave you!"

"Oh, Daddy, I love it!"

"Suckin' you off... with my hot... shithole!"

"Oh, God!"

"Sittin' on my... own son's... stiff prick!"

Mark growled as he ground his ass into Davie's hot crotch. "Beatin' my baby off! Fuck me, Son! Fuck the shit out of my screaming shithole! Fuck your father, boy! Screw this... cocksuckin' son of a bitch!"

Mark's prick was stiff again, sticking straight out from his crotch. Davie grabbed it and started yanking it off as Mark's ass ate his cock, riding up

and down his stiff cockshaft faster and faster.

“You got... that big cock... up your old man’s... pussy... boy! And that pussy... is gonna pump... a hot... fuckin’ load... out of that lovely cock!”

“Oh, yes, Daddy!” Davie panted bucking his cock up Mark’s ass faster and faster. “I’m comin’! I’m comin’!”

“Give it to me, Davie, baby! Give it fuckin’ all to me!”

He sank his ass down on Davie’s prick as it jerked and shot off in his heaving guts, filling his ass with the hot scalding spunk blasting out of his son’s balls, moaning and grinding his ass hard against Davie’s crotch to get every delirious drop of that joyous juice up his asshole.

His own cum shot out of his balls, screamed up his fuckshaft past Davie’s fist and splattered through the air... glob after glob... arching high over Davie’s belly and landing in slimy strings on his chest and chin. He clamped his ass hard on Davie’s cock, and his body shook crazily with heaving, shuddering spasms.

Davie fell back onto the sleeping bag, panting exhaustedly. Mark sighed, then slowly bent forward and kissed his son’s lips.

“Happy Birthday, Davie,” Mark panted as Davie tucked him in his arms.

CHAPTER EIGHT

“Let’s take a cruiser” Mark suggested.

“To where?”

“Down to Mexico. For a week. Just the two of us. No telephones, no conferences and no familiar faces.”

“That sound great, Dad.”

The next morning, Mark booked them on a cruise leaving in three days, then took Davie shopping. They bought matching white dinner jackets and everything that went with them, including red plaid bow ties and cummerbunds. The matching clothes had been Davie’s idea, and Mark had to admit that he was flattered. They also bought matching bikinis, polo shirts and shorts, plus matching Hawaiian shirts to wear with jeans. Mark also found some black patent leather shoes for Davie and matching sneakers they found on sale.

Davie had become more and more excited about the trip, and had packed both their bags himself, neatly and efficiently, when Sam and Tony arrived to take them to the boat.

“I’ve heard of mother/daughter outfits, but I do think father/son drag is a little much,” Sam said, laughing.

“I think it’s a great idea,” Tony said, winking at Mark.

“Thank you, friend. As for you, Sam,” Mark “I don’t give a fuck what you think. I’m already having a good time and we’re not even on the boat!”

At the dock, Sam and Tony hugged them both and wished them bon voyage.

“Behave yourselves, at least in public. Or you might have to swim ashore!” Sam yelled as Mark and Davie went up the ramp, turned to wave and then disappeared in the crowd.

After they had picked up their cabin assignment, they turned face to face with a big, bearded man in a uniform, straight out of a Viking movie.

“Welcome aboard. I am Captain Lindstrom.”

“How do you do?” Mark said, offering his hand. “I’m Mark Thomas and this is my son, Davie.”

“My... ship is your ship,” Lindstrom said with a slight accent, looking Mark straight in the eye.

A very handsome cabin boy appeared at the captain’s side as if on cue.

“Dag, this is Mr. Thomas and his son, Davie. Show them to their cabin and then bring them a bottle of champagne.”

“That’s very kind of you,” Davie said, smiling.

“Not at all. I should also like you both to share my table tonight at dinner. At eight. Dress is optional, but on these short cruises, most people do—dress, that is.”

“Oh, we came prepared,” Davie said, grinning again.

“I’m sure you did,” the captain said, smiling at Davie. “Until eight, then,” he said, bowed slightly and turned to attend other business.

Dag led Mark and Davie down a corridor to their cabin, gave them a brief tour of the facilities and left.

Davie sprawled out in one of the big chairs. “I think that captain is hot for you, Dad.”

“Nonsense,” Mark said, smiling.

“He’s a very good-looking man. And big. The Vikings must have looked like him.”

“I thought the same thing.”

“Well, I sure wouldn’t mind—”

“Unpack! Now!” Mark barked, swatting Davie’s ass.

They hung up their things quickly and stuffed items into drawers, finishing just as the ship’s whistle blew.

“Let’s go watch the ship pull away!”

“Great idea!”

They leaned on the rail of the upper deck for a long time, showered with confetti and streamers, until the well-wishers on the dock were tiny specks, and the ship was well out in the bay. The gaiety and expectation affected Mark, and he put his arm around Davie.

“This is already fun,” Davie said, brushing his thigh against Mark’s.

“It is, isn’t it?”

“You suppose we’ll get sea sick?”

“We won’t have time.”

Their champagne was waiting for them when they returned to their cabin. There was also a silver tray of tiny little cakes and a huge bouquet of flowers.

Davie picked up the card and read it. “From the captain. How about that? I think I was right, Dad. He’s hot to jump your bones.”

“Can’t say I’m turned off by him, either.”

They kicked off their shoes and slid out of their clothes. When they were both nude, Davie poured the champagne like a veteran, and they sampled the little cakes.

“These are good,” Davie said.

“And so is the champagne.”

“Here’s to us. No, scratch that. Here’s to you, the greatest father a guy ever had.”

“The feeling is reciprocated, me hearty.”

Davie put his glass down and moved over to the porthole. Mark moved up behind him and slid his arms around Davie’s waist, pressing his cock into the crack of Davie’s ass.

“Would you like to see the rest of the ship?”

“No,” Davie said, turning around in Mark’s arms, sliding his own around Mark’s neck and kissing him. “I think I’d rather... fuck around with my old man.”

Mark smiled as Davie pressed his cock into him. His own was hard almost immediately and he ground it into Davie's crotch and whispered, "What does that tell you?"

Davie led his father to the bed and pulled down the cover. He pushed Mark gently down on his back and straddled him. He bent down and kissed Mark's lips, then quickly slid down to Mark's feet and pushed them both together, lowering his head and licking his soles, arches, and toes as Mark murmured softly. He slathered his tongue up Mark's calves and across his thighs, already warm and wonderful.

Mark luxuriated in the tingling sensation of Davie's tongue as he licked his hairy flesh. He winced as Davie sucked on his balls and grabbed Mark's cock with his hand. He felt Davie's tongue lick down the valley under his balls, and his hands slide down under his legs and then pushed them in the air.

Mark closed his eyes and let the warm flow of love engulf his whole body as Davie lapped out his ass crack, then slid his tongue up Mark's asshole with joyous jabs.

Davie let his father's legs down slowly, twirled his tongue across his hairy belly, and licked up Mark's chest. He took Mark's tits one at a time into his mouth, sucking, biting, and feeling his father shiver with pleasure under him.

Mark pulled Davie up and kissed him, driving his tongue into Davie's mouth, sharing the taste of his own flesh. He pulled Davie up with all his strength until Davie's crotch was directly over his head, then turned him around, pulling Davie's ass into his face. He spread Davie's asscheeks as Davie sat up and began sucking out his ass, burrowing into Davie's asshole with his hot, hard tongue like a muskrat.

"Oh, God, that feels wonderful, Dad," Davie sighed. He bent forward slowly and pulled Mark up double, spreading his father's hairy ass and sliding his tongue down his musky ass crack. He plunged his tongue in and out of Mark's asshole just as hard as Mark tongue-fucked his own steaming shitter. He moaned and rammed his tongue as far up Mark as he could. The double seating turned them both into groaning animals.

Mark grabbed Davie's hips and hoisted him up over his head until Davie's cock stuck straight down at his mouth. He tongued the boy's piss-slit, sliding his tongue under his foreskin, then gently moved his lips up his stiff cockshaft to Davie's balls, smashing into his forehead. He felt Davie release his legs and then the unbearable pleasure of Davie taking all his hard cock into his mouth.

They kept sucking their stiff cocks as they eased over on their sides, pumping their pricks in each other's mouths in a manic rhythm, faster and faster, until their tight balls and throbbing cocks warned them that they would shoot their hot loads any second.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door!

"Holy shit!" Mark said, as they rolled apart, panting over their pricks. Davie grabbed his briefs and struggled to get them up over his stiff cock. Mark scooted out of the bed and slipped into the bathroom, quickly grabbing a towel, wrapping it around his hips and pulling his cock flat against his abdomen to try to hide it.

Davie looked back at Mark, then opened the door. He smiled when he saw Dag, the cabin boy, standing there with an arm load of towels.

Dag, seeing the flushed faces of them both, began to stammer, "The captain... thought you would need... these... perhaps."

"Thank you," Davie said, smiling.

Dag lowered his head and took the towels into the bathroom, then returned to the tray on the table. "You drink champagne?"

"Yew, we did. And it was very good."

"Thank you. Would you... enjoy more?"

"No, I think that was plenty, thank you."

He looked at both beautiful men and bowed his head ever so slightly. "The captain says... you are to have... anything you... wish."

He lifted his head a tiny bit and looked at Mark. "Is there... anything... you wish?" He lowered his eyes to the lump in Mark's towel. "But I... am so sorry... I perhaps... disturb you?"

“Oh, no,” Davie lied. “We were just...”

“You are both very... handsome men,” Dag said, turning to Mark and looking directly into his eyes. “You would... perhaps... like to... how do you say... like to... screw me?”

Davie laughed and Dag was immediately embarrassed until Mark put his hand on his shoulder and smiled.

“I am sorry. I am too... forward, ja?”

“Oh, no,” Davie said apologetically. “You are wonderful.”

“Then I undress,” Dag said matter-of-factly. He began taking off his clothes unabashedly as Mark and Davie watched, somewhat stunned. In a moment, he stood before them, completely naked. He was a beautiful smaller version of the Viking they thought Lindstrom had looked like. A young Norwegian god!

Davie moved to him, kissed him, and then slid down his front, taking his lovely cock in his mouth. Mark moved around behind him and sank to his knees, spreading his ass cheeks and pressing his face into Dag’s ass crack. Mark felt him flinch slightly as he began spearing his asshole with his tongue, feeling his taut ass muscles flex against his cheeks as Dag began to face-fuck Davie.

He began to moan and writhe sensually as Mark and Davie sucked on his cock and his asshole, enjoying the hot onslaught to the fullest.

“You are... both... very marvelous,” he panted slightly.

Davie and Mark reached between Dag’s trembling legs and began pulling on each other’s pricks. Dag looked down and quickly pushed Davie away from his cock and pulled his asshole off Mark’s tongue.

“I am sorry. It is... very ill-mannered... for me... to not pleasure... you both... first.” He pulled Davie up and then pushed him back onto the edge of the bed. He knelt on the floor between Davie’s legs and quickly began sucking on his cock and balls.

Mark smiled, pulled Dag’s hips up and sank down behind his lovely young ass, burrowing his tongue into Dag’s asshole again with a greedy groan.

“Oh, you’re wonderful,” Davie murmured, taking Dag’s head in his hands and arching his hips, pushing his prick up to meet each downward drive of Dag’s warm, juicy mouth. “Oh, God, you’re wonderful!”

Dag caressed Davie’s balls as he sucked on his stiff cock faster and faster until his mouth became a red-hot plunger plummeting up and down Davie’s hard, throbbing prick.

Davie squirmed wildly on the edge of the bed.

“Oh, shit!” he screamed. “I’m coming!”

He jerked Dag’s head all the way down on his cock, holding his cock buried the full length in Dag’s throat.

“I’m coming! Oh, shit!”

His hot come shot up his cockshaft and splattered out in Dag’s throat in one hot spurt after another. His ass slipped and slid all over the bed as he blasted his ball-juice into the cabin boy’s cock-stuffed mouth. He groaned and fell back on the bed limply with Dag’s mouth still sunk all the way down his spent cockshaft and his asshole squeezing on Mark’s tongue.

Mark slathered globs of spit up Dag’s asshole and then raised up, spitting on his own cock. He held the head of his wet cock on Dag’s puckered ass lips and nudged them open. As Dag pushed back, Mark slid his cock up inside his warm shithole until he was buried in the boy’s ass to the hair. He held him by the hips for a moment and then began to fuck in and out of his hot prick pit slowly, gyrating his hips and making his cock twist crazily with each searing plunge.

Dag buried his face in Davie’s crotch and began to whimper softly, which turned Mark on even more as he ground his cock in and out of the hot Norse ass, deliberately trying not to shoot his load.

Davie raised up off the bed and slid down in front of Dag. He took Dag’s prick in his mouth and held his head up against the the of the mattress, letting Dag’s stiff prick lunge in and out of his mouth as Mark’s cock careened in and out of his hot asshole.

Mark covered Dag’s whole body, his chest flat against Dag’s back. He grabbed Dag’s wrists and pushed them deep into the bed as his ass muscles

clenched and unclenched wildly with each deep, penetrating plunge of his prick up the boy's beautiful ass.

Dag grabbed handfuls of sheets and moaned, squeezing his asshole hard each time Mark's cock pulled out, and relaxing with a sigh as Mark rode his raging fuckrod back up his ass all the way. His moans turned into groans of ecstasy with each pounding drive of Mark's cock and each straining stab of his prick into Davie's clamping mouth.

"I come! I come!" he screamed as each muscle in his whole body froze and he arched back with a loud roar. His spunk shot up from his cock in wild jerks, filling Davie's mouth with glob after glob of hot, slimy jism. His ass, clamping like a vise on Mark's plunging prick brought Mark over the brink, too, and his hot, hefty load lunged out of his cock and shot fiery spurts deep in his young, eager ass.

"Oh, my God!" Mark yelled, cramming his shooting cock up Dag's ass so hard that the strain was nearly unbearable.

"Oh, yes! Oh, fucking shit!" Mark yelled, falling on top of Dag and forcing his whole body down on Davie's head.

Mark sank to the floor with his cock still buried in Dag's ass, and his arms locked tightly around his small waist, pulling Dag back on top of his heaving body, grunting with each gasp of air.

He looked up at Davie, who was sitting on the floor, his head against the bed, smiling broadly.

"Holy shit, Dad, that was a real fuck!"

"It sure was, Son," Mark agreed, unlocking his sweaty arms from around Dag. "You all right, Dag?"

"I am very well, thank you," he answered, panting for air. "It was indeed a... real fuck."

He relaxed reluctantly as Mark's cock began to go soft, twisting his head to Mark.

"You liked, ja?"

"I liked, ja!" Mark said as his cock plopped out of Dag's draining asshole.

“You are both... very beautiful... and very sexy,” Dag said, smiling at them both.

“And so are you,” Davie said with a grin.

“You will tell Captain Lindstrom that I have satisfied you?”

“If you want us to.”

“Tusen takk. I mean, thank you.”

“It is we who should thank you.”

“Tillig meg,” Dag said, smiling shyly, then collecting himself. “Forgive me. But I must go. I have duties to perform.” He dressed quickly and turned to them, offering his hand.

Mark was amused at such formality after they had just fucked him every way but loose, but he took Dag’s hand and shook it. So did Davie, after which Dag left with a slight bow.

Davie and Mark looked at each other, shaking their heads and smiling. “This captain certainly knows how to make his passengers happy, ja?” Davie laughed at his own joke.

“He certainly does.”

“And after arranging this little... tea party, I know he’s after your ass, Dad.”

“Shut up and shower!”

“Stop acting like a father,” Davie said, rushing for the bathroom to avoid Mark’s whack on the ass.

CHAPTER NINE

Captain Lindstrom rose and smiled as Davie and Mark appeared in the dining salon, causing several heads to turn as they walked to the Captain's table.

Their matching white dinner jackets, red bows, and cummerbunds made them look very much alike, except for two inches in height and twenty years in age. Davie enjoyed it immensely, and Mark had to admit that he did also.

The captain shook their hands, then introduced them to the other guests: the Bannisters, a very striking couple from Boston; Mr. Ino, a handsome Japanese businessman; and Mrs. Parsons traveling with her daughter Julie, a vivacious young creature about Davie's age, who rivaled her mother in looks.

The Captain seated Mark on his left and Davie between Mark and Julie parsons. As soon as they took their seats, Dag appeared as if on cue to fill their champagne glasses.

The first course was served shortly and then another course and another, until everyone at the table was stuffed with a simply superb dinner. The captain accepted their compliments graciously and offered cigars to the men as Dag served brandy in exquisite crystal snifters.

Davie thoroughly enjoyed himself, helped, no doubt, by his consumption of champagne, and was only temporarily ruffled when Mark would not allow him to have some brandy.

Mrs. Parsons excused herself early, allowing Julie to stay. The Bannisters danced every dance, and Julie did the same with Davie, leaving the men alone almost entirely. Mr. Ino moved to the seat on Captain Lindstrom's right, and the threesome settled back to smoke and talk. Ino spoke perfect English, and seemed to Mark more than just an old friend of Lindstrom's.

"I exercise my prerogative by surrounding myself at dinner with handsome people," the captain said, puffing contentedly on his cigar.

“I’m flattered, then, to be included,” Mark said, smiling.

Ino’s eyes burned into Mark’s. “It is only correct that you and your beautiful son be included in such a party.”

“Thank you. We are both honored.”

“It has been my pleasure,” Lindstrom said. Mark sensed that the captain seemed to have made plans for the evening that appeared to include himself and his body. What about Ino, he wondered.

Without seeming to be ungrateful, he said, “This is Davie’s first cruise. I wanted to spend some time with him... alone... and thought he would enjoy it. I only have him for part of each summer.”

Lindstrom cleared his throat. Ino glanced at the dance floor. “He seems to be doing just that.”

And he was, Mark noticed, as Davie twisted and turned Julie all over the dance floor to any piece the orchestra played.

Dag refilled the brandy snifters. Mark turned to watch him withdraw, then looked at Lindstrom. “He is a marvelous young man... well mannered and... efficient.”

“I am glad he made you... welcome this afternoon.”

Ino understood quickly and turned to Lindstrom with a knowing smile. “And he is extremely handsome, too.”

“Yes. I would rate him four stars in my book,” Mark said, laughing.

“Thank you,” Lindstrom said, lifting his glass and sipping. Then he turned to Mark, smiled, and said, “Perhaps we could all three use some fresh air.”

Later, as the three men strolled the deck, Mark realized that he had been correct in his assumption that Lindstrom and Ino were more than just good friends, and in spite of what Mark had already said, were still on the verge of asking him to join them in a threesome.

When they returned to the deck area in front of the salon, Lindstrom turned to Mark and asked, “Would you care for a night cap?”

Before Mark could answer, Davie burst out of the door to the salon, giving Mark a smile that warmed his heart.

“Dad, I’m really beat. Why don’t we turn in?”

Mark noticed the tiny frown on Lindstrom’s face of a man used to getting his own way.

Mark, however, was relieved that Davie had appeared, because he wanted to be with his son more than anything the boat could possibly offer.

“Of course, Davie,” Mark said, turning to the other men. “It’s been an exhausting day for both of us. Good night, Captain. Mr. Ino, thank you for a delightful evening.”

Davie offered his hand, too. “Good night, sir. Good night, Mr. Ino,” he said, then stepped back and slid his arm around Mark’s shoulder as they both turned and walked down the deck.

In the room, they found a silver tray containing a coffee service and a decanter of brandy with two small snifters.

“Lindstrom doesn’t give up, does he?” Davie said, chuckling.

“I guess he doesn’t,” Mark said, shaking his head.

“I hope I spoiled something,” Davie said, his eyes twinkling.

“Only their plans, not mine.”

“Good.”

“Very good,” Mark said, taking Davie in his arms and kissing him. “I need some coffee.”

“Can I have a sip of brandy?”

“Just a sip and that’s all.”

Davie poured a dab in the snifter and tasted it. “Wow! That’s rotten!”

“I’m very glad you think so. Not too fond of it myself,” Mark said, sipping his coffee. “I think you’re a little light-headed already.”

“Right, Dad. And I want to make love,” he said, stripping off his clothes quickly. Mark stripped, too, between sips of coffee, and they crawled into the bed, nestling closely.

Mark sighed contentedly as he held Davie's body close and let the wondrous warmth flood his own.

Davie rolled over on top of Mark and raised up. "You know what I've been thinking about all evening long?"

"No, what?"

"Eating your ass!"

"I must say the same thought crossed my mind a few times," Mark said, laughing. He rolled Davie over on his back and then stood up on the bed, straddling him.

Davie looked up at his beautiful father's naked body and smiled. He loved his lean, hairy legs, his cock hanging down over his big balls, the hairy trail up his belly, spreading out over his broad chest, and finally, his heavenly face that turned his skin to goose bumps.

Mark turned slowly, bent over and spread his ass cheeks with his hands. "That what you want, boy? You wanna suck on this here hole?"

Davie reached up and ran his hands softly over Mark's ass cheeks. "Yes! Oh, yes!"

Mark slowly lowered his ass until it was just an inch or two from Davie's face, then felt Davie's hot tongue flick out to lap up his whole ass crack. Shivers shot up his body like skyrocket as Davie's tongue found his asshole and slid slowly into him. He eased his body gently to his knees without losing Davie's tongue, then pulled Davie's legs up, buckling his knees, grasping his ass hard and spreading his hot young asshole open.

Davie moaned as he felt Mark's tongue lap at his asshole and his warm lips encircle his quivering ass ring. He plunged his own tongue up his father's ass with a grunt as Mark's tongue dove into his ass, locking his arms around Mark's hips and pulling him down onto his hot, tunneling tongue. He could feel his father's cock stiffen against his belly and his own cock throb on his father's hairy chest. He grabbed Mark's ass tighter and moaned.

"Oh, God, that's wonderful!" Mark panted, gasping for air and twitching his asshole on Davie's tongue. He tunneled his tongue back into

Davie's asshole and heard Davie's moans of pleasure as his wet tongue slithered up his shit channel.

Davie was bent double, and when Mark felt he could no longer bear it, he let his legs down easily, licking Davie's hot balls and then taking his cock in his mouth. He shuddered as Davie's mouth sucked his own balls, and then the boy's tongue licked up the shaft of his hard, pulsing prick.

Davie pulled his mouth off Mark's cock. "Dad?"

"Yes, Son?"

"I gotta piss. How about you?"

"Yes, I do. But I may be too hard to do it."

"Let's try."

Davie slid his lips over the head of Mark's cock and held still. He groaned as his own piss flooded up his prick and shot out in Mark's mouth. He wanted to pinch it off and feed his father little by little as Mark had taught him to do, but the pounding pressure on his bladder was too great, and the pissing too much of a relief. He let Mark have it all without stopping, sighing as the tension flooded out of his body.

Mark's cock softened in Davie's mouth, and he began to piss, too. Like the master pisser he was, he let Davie have it, mouthful by mouthful, loving the sound of Davie's tiny moans. He continued pissing long after Davie's stream had stopped, wondering if Davie could really take it all, and was delighted when he did so almost greedily without a halt.

Mark raised his ass up, pulling his drained cock out of Davie's mouth. He milked Davie's prick down as he slid his lips up his cockshaft, then rolled over on his side, pulling Davie with him. He slid an arm under Davie's hips, clasping his hands in his small ass cheeks and felt Davie grab his ass the same way. He slid his lips slowly down Davie's cock to the root and gasped as Davie's mouth slid down his own prick.

They sucked each other's cocks hard in seconds, then began fucking each other's mouths, their tongues twirling around their pumping pricks and their fingers digging into their humping asses. The cabin reverberated with hot, slurping sounds as they pigged out on their pricks, plunging in and out, their hot breath in each other's crotches making them moan with lust.

Mark dug his fingers hard into Davie's ass and felt his young muscles working with each thrust of Davie's raging fuckrod down his throat.

Davie's mouth plunged down Mark's cock faster and faster as Mark's fucking picked up speed. Their cocks buried in each other's mouths made them one, a continuous circle of flesh, fucking each other with every fiber of muscle in their bodies, faster and faster, until every nerve end from head to toe was stretched like the string of a bow.

Mark rolled over on top of Davie and they sucked cock like first night lovers. He pulled Davie over on the opposite side and they slammed cock and sucked like maniacs. He pulled Davie on top of himself and moaned as Davie pounded his prick deeper than it had ever been in his throat and marveled in the supreme joy of Davie's mouth as he bucked his ass and fucked Davie fiercely.

Mark's cum boiled in his balls and his whole body shuddered. He felt Davie's ass quiver under his hands and his young hot balls pull up tight.

Suddenly, Davie whimpered like a puppy, driving his cock down Mark's throat with a lunge that shook the bed, holding it there and shaking as he shot off, jerking and throbbing in his father's throat.

Mark groaned as the spurts of cum shot down his throat in searing globs. His own load exploded out of his balls and careened up his cock, shooting blasts of spunk like cannon balls into Davie's mouth as Davie's tongue took him to insane heights.

Davie eased Mark to his side, their cocks still buried to the roots in their mouths. They lay there for a long time, slowly coming down from the pinnacle of their love, and feeling the passion that had inflamed them slowly subside.

Davie turned around and Mark pulled him up to kiss him. He cuddled up and lay his head on Mark's outstretched arm.

"That was wonderful," he said, licking sweat off Mark's tit.

He eased down between Mark's legs and began licking his father's cock and balls as Mark moaned with the pleasure of his searing, soothing tongue.

Davie rubbed the soft cock and balls in his hands. "You know what I think about when I suck your cock sometimes?"

“No, what?”

Davie held Mark’s cock and balls in his hands. “Well, I imagine you and Mom in bed, with you on top of her... the muscles of your bare ass working... this big prick plunging in and out of her pussy... I imagine me in these balls... a little glob of cum... until you shoot me all the way up this cock... right into Mom... where it’s warm and wonderful, just like it was in these balls. Do you understand?”

“Of course, I do.”

“It’s wild for me when I suck on this cock, this cock that... made me. Is that crazy?”

“No, it isn’t.”

“And when you come in my mouth... it’s like I’m swallowing a little brother or sister.”

“It’s the same sort of feeling for me when I suck on your cock. I could imagine I’m swallowing my own grandson, couldn’t I?”

Davie laughed. “I never thought of that.”

He flipped his Dad’s limp cock and chuckled. “I really love sucking this big prick, pop.”

“Not as much as I love your sucking it. It’s the most intense sexual experience I have ever had, no matter what we both imagine.”

“I feel like that, too.”

“So shut up and suck, boy!” Mark said, laughing. “Suck a dozen little brothers out of those balls!”

Davie ginned and flicked out his tongue, licking Mark’s cock like a lollipop. He lathered his whole shaft with his spit and lapped at Mark’s cockhead, feeling his cock stiffen under his tongue.

“Suck it, Son. Suck your daddy’s big cock. Oh, my beautiful baby boy!” he said, stroking Davie’s head tenderly and slowly drifting off into a private dream world. “My little baby boy, sucking his daddy... sucking a daddy who loved you from the first moment you were born, a wrinkled little mess of warm flesh... picking you up naked in my arms... holding that perfect

little body... touching that sweet flesh with my tongue... making you laugh each time my tongue tickled you... holding you tight to my naked body... licking you all over like a mother cat..."

Mark's voice had risen. He moaned and cupped Davie's head, raising his hips slowly, sliding his cock all the way up into Davie's mouth, feeling his hot spunk shoot up his throbbing prick and spilling out into the wondrous warmth as if this were all a dream he was watching from a distance. Slowly, fearfully, he opened his eyes, looked down at Davie's head and his thoughts stopped spinning around his brain.

Davie's lips slid up his cockshaft tenderly. He raised his head and smiled at Mark, then crawled up and nestled in his father's waiting arms.

"I'll never leave you again."

"No, you mustn't say that. It's a promise you might one day regret having made."

Davie raised his head and kissed Mark. "I love you, Dad."

"I love you, Son. you will always have all my heart and soul."

CHAPTER TEN

Mark lay on the suncot. His mind was full of the dread of Davie's leaving. The summer with his son had been the most fulfilling time of his life. How could he bear to part with what had become his whole life? Maybe it would have been better if... if Davie had never come. No, he thought, having him here had been too marvelous.

The sound of the terrace doors opening shattered his thoughts and he turned to see Davie standing there as brilliant as the sun, smiling and excited.

"Dad?"

"Yes, Son?"

"Mom wants to talk to you."

"All right," Mark said, pulling himself up. He grinned at Davie and patted him on the ass as he passed and disappeared into the kitchen.

"Hello, Lee," he said into the phone.

"Hello, Mark. Has Davie talked to you?"

"About what?"

"About... staying there, with you. He wants to very much."

"He hasn't said a word."

"I thought not. He probably wanted to feel me out first, then tell you I said it would be all right."

"Sneaky little shit."

"What do you think?"

"I'd love it, of course. There's a fine high school here and... how do you feel about it, Lee?"

"He loves you, Mark, and I think this is something he's always wanted. But what do you want?"

“I’d love to have him. It would be a whole new world for me, having him here. I’ve loved being a real father this summer.”

“Our roles are suddenly reversed, huh?” Lee said, laughing again. “Can I have him for two weeks each summer and at Christmas?”

“Of course. Do you want me to send him back before school starts?”

“No that would be needless expense. I’ll pack his trunk and ship it out. Let’s keep it simple. Besides, if he came home now, I might lock him up and not let you have him.”

“Thank you, Lee.”

“Take care of yourself, Mark. See you at Christmas.”

“I’ll bring Davie back with a big ribbon.”

“Hang up, you idiot.”

“Goodbye, Lee.”

Davie was sitting on the edge of the pool, biting his lip. He didn’t turn around when Mark opened the terrace doors, and walked across the deck and stood silently behind him.

Mark looked down at Davie’s back and his body was glowing with a warm sensation. He wanted to reach out and touch Davie, pull him up and crush his beautiful body in his arms.

Mark sat down on the edge of the pool. “She wants you to come home.”

“No,” Davie said, shaking his head.

“Yes,” Mark said. “At Christmas.”

Davie turned to Mark and his face lit up. “You mean it, Dad?”

“I mean it. She even invited me. What do you say to that?”

“It would be the best Christmas I could imagine.”

“I think so, too.”

“How did she take it?”

“Well, she’s shipping your trunk out.”

Davie laughed. “Really wants to get rid of me, huh?”

Mark laughed, too. “She can’t wait,” he said, squeezing Davie’s hand. “Let’s celebrate.”

“How?”

“Want to go out to dinner?”

“No.”

“Wanna do a movie?”

“No.”

“Wanna cook out here? Just the two of us?”

“Can I have a glass of champagne?”

“May... I have a glass of champagne?”

“Oh, boy. You’re really gonna go for it, huh?”

“Go for what?”

“The whole father bit.”

“You bet your buns. House rules, curfew, homework, PTA... the whole bit,” Mark said, laughing. “Plus an occasional fuck.”

Davie turned and grinned. “Now, that’s my Dad talkin’.” He grabbed Mark’s cock. “How about startin’ with the fuck?”

Mark’s cock jerked in Davie’s fist. “What does that tell ya’?”

Davie squeezed Mark’s stiffening cock, then grinned. “I hope I always have this effect on you.”

“Shut up and suck!”

Davie skinned the head of Mark’s cock back, then bent forward and touched the tip with his tongue. He felt his father shudder slightly as he licked his cockhead then covered his whole hot cock know with his lips.

Mark stroked Davie’s head with his right hand. He slid his left hand down Davie’s warm back and eased a finger down his sweaty ass crack. He felt Davie shiver slightly as he slithered a finger up his asshole.

“Oh, yes!” Davie murmured around Mark’s prick.

“Oh, God, Davie. Suck Daddy! Suck Daddy’s big hard cock!”

Mark slid his finger out of Davie’s shithole and eased his body around on the cement. He lay back as Davie scrambled between his legs, opened his mouth and dove down Mark’s cock to his quivering balls.

“Oh, Christ!” Mark moaned. “Oh, suck it, baby! Suck it like you’re gonna suck it all winter, Son!”

Mark pulled Davie up by his shoulders, kissed him and then turned his body around. He pushed Davie’s legs apart, bending his knees beside his chest and pulled Davie’s ass into his face as he felt his hot mouth on his cock again. He closed his eyes and drew the heavenly musky scent of Davie’s shithole into his lungs, shivering with the sensation of it.

Davie quivered as Mark began to eat his ass, licking his ass crack from his tight bails to his tailbone. He felt Mark’s hot tips on his asshole, then the sublime shattering stab of Mark’s tongue, sliding up his shit channel.

Mark jerked Davie’s body upright, until Davie was sitting with all his weight on Mark’s mouth. He tongue-fucked Davie’s shithole like a maniac, plunging his tongue in as deeply as he could drive it, feeling Davie push and pull on the shit ring as Mark had taught him. You’re too fuckin’ much, you little sex-machine, Mark thought, grinning and grinding his tongue deeper and deeper into Davie with each grunt.

“Oh, Daddy, I love it!” Davie groaned, grinding his asshole onto Mark’s tongue, squeezing his shit lips and squirming his ass on Mark’s wet face.

Mark could feel Davie’s balls banging his chin as Davie jerked his cock, dripping his cock juices onto Mark’s heaving chest.

“So do I, Son, so do I,” Mark panted, grabbing air around Davie’s hot ass cheeks. “Damn, that’s good ass!”

Suddenly, Davie stood up. “Dad, I wanna celebrate together.”

“Okay. What do you wanna do?”

“I’ll be right back.”

Davie returned carrying a jar of grease and two dildoes.

Davie knelt and pulled Mark down to his knees facing him. He handed Mark one of the dildoes, then began greasing up his asshole as he looked into Mark's eyes.

Mark did the same, fingering his ass with the grease and watching Davie intently, following Davie's lead as he reached back, placed the dildo between his heels and held it.

Davie took Mark's free hand as they both sat back on the dildoes slowly sliding up their assholes, then bent forward and kissed Mark lightly as Mark pulled him close.

"I just wanted the sensation of sucking and fucking at the same time," Davie whispered.

"I see. Great idea, baby."

Davie eased himself over on his left side holding the dildo in his ass as Mark lay down gingerly on his right. They scooted down until their faces were in each other's crotch. They slid their arms around each other's ass and held the dildoes in place as they began to suck on the stiff cocks sticking in their faces.

Davie shivered as Mark ran his cock all the way down his throat and felt Mark's hot mouth slide down his own hard, demanding prick.

Then they began to suck in perfect rhythm, slamming their hot mouths up and down their stiff cocks, harder and faster than ever, face-fucking each other furiously until they came silently, filling each other's mouths with their loads.

It was an exquisite union that perhaps only a father and son could know and share, a testament to their unique love.

THE END